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A GENERATION BACK

We're apt to think the present times
Are sadly out of joint,
To sigh, and then towards ages past
The reverent finger point
Of model husbands, model wives,
Say we, there was no lack
Of manners, morals, pride and worth
A generation back.

The girls were modest, neat and fair
The boys were brave and true.
They labored on from sun to sun
With joys and pleasures few.
The children went to bed at dark
And seemed to have the knack
Of being seen and never heard
A generation back.

And this it is from age to age,
And thus 'twill ever be
The scenes enacted long ago
With partial eyes we see
Our offspring in the years to come
Will tread the beaten track,
And praise the conduct of their sires
A generation back.

PENKIVEL;

—OR—

The Mystery of St. Eglon.

CHAPTER VI.—[CONTINUED.]

Madeline started up from the floor instantly.

"Do you suspect me?" she said, as her eyes blazed. "Do you think me less worthy of a good man's love than you are? How dare you insult me in that cold, meek, cruel way of yours? How dare you do me such bitter wrong!"

Lady Crehylls, who was a woman of an exceedingly timid nature, and of a most generous heart, grieved at the meaning Madeline had applied to her words; she held out her hand pleadingly, while tears started to her eyes.

"I thought, Madeline, you alluded to your gloomy temperament," she said, "and to this unhappy secret of which you speak, as, both combined, unfitting you for the duties of a wife. I had no other thought but that when I spoke. You wrong yourself when you accuse me of insulting you."

Madeline took the proffered hand half in shame, half in sorrow.

"You see," she murmured, "how full of suspicion and unjust thought I am. I cannot even have a friend. How long would a husband love me? And yet——" Here she turned suddenly, and still holding the hand of Agatha Crehylls, she led her to the tall pierglass, which stood between the high windows. "Look!" she continued, more softly, as the two fair figures flashed upon them from the mirror; "can you see there, Agatha, any cause why life for me should be a blank desert, without hope and without joy?"

"There is no cause," replied Lady Crehylls, "except, Madeline, in your morbid nature, which rejects the happiness offered you."

"So I might say to you, were my soul in your soul's place," said the girl in the same gentle way. "I am as full of words as you; and were I as happy I might be as blind. I, too, could deal out reproof and counsel, and bruise a wounded heart as well as you."

"I have no wish to wound you, Madeline," interposed her companion, quickly. "Remember your family history is unknown to me. I am not, therefore, to blame if an inadvertent word sometimes touches a sorrow of which I am ignorant. But I still warn you that, whatever the cause of your grief may be, it is both unwise and wicked to brood over it, and allow it to poison the springs of life."

Lady Crehylls here would have released her hand from Madeline's, but the girl's clasp tightened on her fingers, and raising her other hand she pointed to the glass.

"Can I help it, Agatha, if I am born with this face, and you with that?" she said. "Your words, like a hammer in the hands of a blind man, strike the air only. You might as reasonably accuse me of having gray eyes, as of poisoning my own happiness. I have had no power in either case. Circumstances are all—circumstances are everything. Look upon my face and your own; we are gifted alike with rare beauty—I speak the simple truth without vanity—and I claim to have as high a soul as yours, talents perhaps greater, and a heart whose every beat is as true to a noble love as yours can be; and yet no single blessing that you possess can I ever dare to hope for. No, it would be a crime in me to ally myself to an honorable man; while to you, marriage was but another garland in your wreath of joys. Here, then, you see the images of two women, formed alike by nature for happiness, and yet one is, and must be hopeless. What makes the difference between us, Agatha? Circumstances which we could not help—circumstances which we neither made or marred—circumstances which our souls were not asked either to choose or to reject. Helplessly, and without choice, I was thrust into the place I fill, and I find it a narrow dungeon; with equal helplessness you awake in your niche, and discover loving arms around you, and flowers beneath your feet at every step. We can neither of us help it, Agatha; but be merciful to me, when at times I beat my hands against the bars of my prison, and cry vainly for the love and light that can never be mine."

She dropped her companion's hand coldly, calmly, as she had held it, and Lady Crehylls, standing silent and sorrowful, saw her beautiful face and her stately figure pass slowly out of the glass like a fading vision. Tears stood in her own eyes when she turned away, saying, wistfully, "Without seeking, Madeline, to pry into affairs known perhaps only to my father and yourself, tell me, is there anything I can do for you? or can Geoffrey help you?"

Madeline shook her head without reply, and the weary look in her eyes so plainly said—Leave me; let me commune with own heart and be still—that Lady Crehylls quitted her hastily, half in wonder, half in fear. And as instinctively, almost unwittingly, she sought the free air, and wandered away upon the soft turf, beneath the shadow of leaves and the fragrance of blossom, she felt that the small cloud of care, which her heart had borne in quitting her father, had deepened in gloom and intensity since she had spoken with Madeline Sylvester.

CHAPTER VII.

Maurice Pellew watched for the evening shadows with an impatience scarcely born of hope; his was rather the eagerness which prefers a gloomy certainty to a feverish suspense. Madeline had desired that he should stay; he obeyed her, but beyond the expectation of receiving some explanation, which might soften his rejection, he did not anticipate any alteration in their relative positions. A woman of so inflexible a nature was not likely to change her mind. Hence he felt no surprise when he saw Madeline's chair vacant at dinner, and it gave him a momentary pleasure to perceive that she was not indifferent enough to meet him calmly, and would not put herself to the test; this faded instantly in the thought that her absence also proved how firm was her resolve to abide by her decision. The dinner seemed to him insufferably long and dull, and he almost started when Lady Crehylls addressed him.

"You took shelter this morning at St. Eglon's Hut," she said. "What do you think of that gloomy place?"

"I saw it in a storm," he answered, "and it certainly had a most forlorn look; the trees press on it so closely, and the garden is a wilderness; but were all this put in order, I think it might be made a pleasant place in sunshine."

"Ah, in sunshine," returned Lady Crehylls; "but the spot is so unlucky, I believe it never catches a glimpse of the sun. At all events I have never made up a party to visit it that we did not find a dull, gray sky, or clouds weeping floods of rain. In fact this dilapidated house is a great eyesore on the cliff, and I want Geoffrey to pull it down."

Evidently St. Eglon's Hut was a slight bone of contention between Lord Crehylls and his wife, for he listened to her with a vexed air, and made no reply to her remark.

"It would be a pity to pull it down," said Maurice; "it would be better to put it in order, and get a cheerful tenant for it."

"A tenant for St. Eglon's Hut!" exclaimed Mr. Lanyon. "No, no—I hope not. Who is talking of such a thing?"

"No one, my dear sir," returned Lord Crehylls. "I assure you I have no intention of letting it," he said, dryly, addressing himself to Maurice. Then, as though he felt he had been ungracious, he added, in a tone of apology: "The fact is, my conscience will scarcely allow me to take rent for such a nest of ague and rheumatism; and I should certainly never get a sane tenant. It would only be a madman who would take such a place."

Remembering Michael Polgrain had spoken of a former tenant, Maurice would have asked who he was; but when some subject is mooted painful to another, though the pain may not find expression either by word or look, an indefinable shadow of it falls on the mind, restraining speech, and this kept back the question from his lips. He changed the subject abruptly.

"Lady Crehylls was speaking of sunshine just now;" he said; "that reminds me of the singular man I met this morning, who declared he never saw the sun."

"You mean Michael Polgrain," returned Lord Crehylls. "Yes, he is quite mad on that point, poor fellow. His sight is perfectly sound, and yet he persists in declaring himself half-blind."

"We have a superstition in Cornwall," observed Lady Crehylls, "that a perjurer—one who by false swearing has taken away the life of another—never sees sunshine; but I believe poor Michael was never a witness on any trial. Father," she said and she raised her voice slightly, "have you ever heard of Micahel Polgrain giving evidence in a court of justice?"

Mr. Lanyon had risen from his chair, and his sharp, pinched face looked haggard and wild.

"Evidence!" he cried. "No! What evidence could Michael Polgrain give? He had nothing to say—absolutely nothing: he was miles away—I mean the man is mad. Who would listen to him?" Then he sank into his chair again, with a blank smile on his lips. "A glass of water" he said to the servant, faintly. He drank it eagerly, then set the glass down with a trembling hand. "My dear Agatha," he continued, "you have no idea how these late hours disagree with me. I feel quite ill to-day."

His daughter was leaning over him, and her lips touched his brow as he spoke.

"Go into the library and lie down awhile on the sofa, dear father," she said, anxiously. "I see you are feverish and weary. Come, will you take my arm?"

Maurice sprang to the door and opened it for father and daughter to pass out. But here Mr. Lanyon stopped a moment.

"What do you say to being my escort, Mr. Pellew?" he said. "If you will bear with an old man's tediousness, I shall be glad of your society in my retreat."

Maurice perceived at once that Mr. Lanyon wished now to give him the promised interview, so he acquiesced instantly; and after a slight demur on the part of Lady Crehylls, he prevailed on her to give up her charge to him.

A servant followed them to the library with wine and fruit, and Maurice felt an inexpressible relief when glasses and plates were at last arranged, and the man closed the door, leaving him alone with Mr. Lanyon.

"You observed that my daughter's question respecting Michael Polgrain startled me," he remarked uneasily. "The truth is, I was just then thinking of a strange trial, which greatly affected my mind at the time of its occurrence."

"What has this to do with Madeline?" thought Maurice, with intense impatience.

"Oh why does he not come to the point?"

"I have an old newspaper here," continued Mr. Lanyon, "containing rather an exaggerated account of the affair, but nevertheless one true in the main. Would you like to look at it?"

As he spoke he took the paper from his pocket-book and handed it to Maurice. It was a number of the *Sherborne and Yeovil Mercury*, the oldest paper of the West, and the only one that circulated in Cornwall during the end of the last century. The small yellow sheet fluttered in Mr. Lanyon's hand as he pointed to the page which he wished Maurice to peruse.

"Are you anxious I should read this?" asked the young man. "If so, I will look at it by and by in my room. At this present moment I want to speak to you of Madeline; and my mind is so full of doubt and pain, that until it is somewhat relieved I fear I shall take very little interest even in the strangest trial ever recorded."

He stopped, surprised at the agitation which Mr. Lanyon could now no longer suppress.

"Read this first," he said, hurriedly, "and I will speak of Madeline. I have something to tell you concerning her—something serious; but I cannot utter a word until you have read that trial."

With his eyes fixed earnestly on the white, haggard face before him, Maurice listened with a vague fear clutching at his heart, then he seized the paper, and read down the closely printed page in deep silence. Mr. Lanyon watched him eagerly, with the fever of some great pain bringing big drops of sweat on his brow, yet, when Maurice had concluded, he avoided his gaze, and the young man's anxious eyes sought his in vain.

"Did you know this—this tenant of St. Eglon's Hut?" asked Maurice, as he folded the paper with an unsteady hand.

"Slightly," returned Mr. Lanyon; "but there could be no friendship or even acquaintance between us. He was doubtless a gentleman of birth, but broken in fortune and in reputation, jaded in health, and dissipated and reckless in character. You have read his trial, and—and you think him guilty?"

"Yes," replied Maurice, in a slightly hesitating tone; "but had I been his counsel, I should have pleaded for time. The evidence is all circumstantial, and I would have asked that the prisoner should be allowed time to procure witnesses in his favor."

"That is a circumstance, Mr. Pellew, which has always caused me keen regret," said Mr. Lanyon. "I would give all my fortune, and the small remnant of my life, if that unhappy man's trial had been postponed."

"Such a regret is very useless," observed Maurice, "especially as there appears to have been no doubt in the minds of the judge and jury as to his guilt. I see he was condemned, and I suppose the sentence was carried out."

"No," said Mr. Lanyon, laying his hand on the young man's arm; "he anticipated the sentence. He died by his own hand."

A swift, dark flush covered Maurice Pellew's face to the brow, and the dreadful doubt that had seized upon his heart now became a certainty.

"You gave me this trial to read," he faltered, "because—— But no, no, it cannot be, it is too horrible!"

"Wait a moment before you judge, I entreat you," cried Mr. Lanyon. "Remember, Madeline is my daughter by adoption. The home, the education, the affection she has received, have not been influenced by the evils of her birth. She has ever been surrounded by all that is good and true. Tell me, is she less pure, less noble than any other lady whom you have in your own circle?"

Maurice had covered his face with his hands, but he raised his head now, saying earnestly,—"No, on my life no; she is as noble and as pure as the best, and she is more intelligent, more thoughtful than most; yet there is a warp in her mind, which I can well understand now I have read this," and he laid his hand on the paper with a deep sigh.

"You grant her talents, worth and beauty," resumed Mr. Lanyon, pleadingly, "and these are her own; do you think, for a sin not her own, she ought to suffer in your estimation?"

"There is no need to plead her cause to me," replied Maurice. "My heart speaks for her in a voice deeper than yours, but I confess it is at war with my reason, my prejudice, my prudence. It is terrible to have a secret in one's own household; terrible to look in the faces of one's children, and feel there is a horror hidden from them, the burden of which you have not courage to lay upon their hearts."

Mr. Lanyon's pale pinched face wore a deathly hue as Maurice finished, and, stretching out his shaking hand, he seized a glass of wine, which he drank eagerly.

"True, Maurice," he said, "and yet you see I have braved the trial. I have succored Madeline from the day she was left an orphan, and neither Geoffrey nor Agatha has any idea of her true parentage."

"Your kindness, your charity, your benevolence will doubtless meet their due reward," replied Maurice, softly. "Such disinterested——"

"For pity's sake be silent," cried Mr. Lanyon, hurriedly. "I detest a single word of praise on this matter. Tell me at once, is your heart turned from Madeline now you have read this history?"

"No," answered Maurice sadly, "the love of years cannot be quenched in a moment, even by such a flood of sorrow and sin as this. But I think Madeline spoke truly, and acted nobly, and like herself, when she said this morning she could never be my wife."

"Are you so poor in heart?" asked Mr. Lanyon, a little scornfully. "Then I am sorry I divulged poor Madeline's history. I thought you loved her."

Maurice rose, and paced the room once or twice before he answered, and he was still standing, when he said in a low, quiet voice,—"Mr. Lanyon, my heart is not so poor as you think, but the question it has to resolve is so momentous, that it will not be done hastily."

"What question do you mean?" asked Mr. Lanyon, in a feeble, querulous tone.

"I am asking myself," said Maurice, "whether I have a right, for my love's sake, to give up all my hopes of a noble career, all ambition and prospects. I am asking myself whether I have a right to disappoint my father's just expectations, to destroy all the long cherished hopes which his affection and his care have built around me."

"Is there any need to destroy them?" cried Mr. Lanyon. "Madeline is a woman fit to stand by her husband's side, if he wins the highest honors in the land."

"In herself she is," returned Maurice, sorrowfully; "but yet, whosoever marries her, must be content to remain an obscure man; he must shrink from the public gaze, and live unknowing and unknown."

Mr. Lanyon was silent, and Maurice went on more sadly still.

"You are aware," he said, "that to be known is the breath of a barrister's life. To bring himself ever and always into the public arena, till he is crowned victor in the fight, is his great hope; and for him who has whetted the edge of his mind for the encounter, it is a glorious struggle. Mr. Lanyon I have done this. The education I have received, the honors I have won at Oxford, the talents I possess, I have only valued as the weapons I should use in this battle. It is no light thing then, to fling my arms down, and retire from the field, before I have drawn a sword; it is no light thing to renounce all hope of wealth and position, and to tell my heart that it must rest content with obscurity and poverty: yet I could do all this for Madeline's sake, if——"

He paused, unwilling to conclude; and Mr. Lanyon filled up the silence with an exultant cry.

"If you were assured of Madeline's affections, you would say, Maurice! Then take the assurance from my lips. In this room to day she told me all her heart, and confessed that her entire love was yours."

A flush of transient joy crimsoned Maurice Pellew's face a moment, then faded, leaving it paler than before.

"Nevertheless," he said, mournfully, "she saw the necessity of sacrificing her love, she saw that we must part. Her rejection of me this morning was noble, like herself; and loving her most dearly, as I do, I still bow to her decision."

Mr. Lanyon seemed to gasp for breath, his agitation grew beyond his control, and shone out now in every lineament of his careworn face. When he spoke his voice had sunk to a whisper.

"So you reject her utterly," he said; "acknowledging her to be good and gifted, you desert her—you visit upon her innocent head the sins of her father,—a man she can scarce remember. For the mere accident of birth you permit your prejudices to destroy your love. What is your boast worth, then, that you could be content with obscurity for her sake?"

"I added an 'if,'" said Maurice, with deep sadness. "I was about to say, if her name was pure from the stain of so dreadful a guilt. I confess to a sort of horror in my blood, which, unjust or not, makes me shudder at the thought of giving to my children a lineage which, on their mother's side, would be a terror to me and them. How can I tell how my mind would dwell on this crime?—how, in years to come, I might watch in my wife, or my child, for some outbreak of the father's temper, which might seem to me the germ springing up to the death? Why, every little, venial, childish sin I saw in my home, would pull at my heart-strings, and make them crack. No, I could not bear it—I tell you, I could not bear it."

He finished vehemently, too agitated himself to mark that his words had brought great beads of sweat on Mr. Lanyon's brow, and driven the blood from his face, leaving the care-lined lips colorless and quivering with some strange agony.

"Maurice," he said, extending his hand towards him feebly, "do you mean that if Madeline's father were guiltless you would not heed the verdict of a jury, or the sentence of a judge, or the prejudices of the world, but would take his daughter gladly?"

"I mean that," said Maurice, steadfastly. "I repeat it, my love is not so poor as you think. I would take Madeline to my heart to-morrow if I could even doubt her father's guilt. Yes, the mere doubt would satisfy me, and take the creeping horror out of my veins."

Who can say through what a fiery furnace of pain Mr. Lanyon's spirit passed as he heard this avowal? The fate of a human soul, of Madeline Sylvester's soul, hung upon his lips; her destiny for good or evil was in his hands; he held the balance; he could make her life safe, pure and happy by a single word; or by his silence he could leave her to the solitude of her proud misery, and let her perish. It was a terrible moment—a moment of agony and indecision; it was awful to hold thus within his power the whole future of a human being. Passing before him as in a glass, he saw Madeline as a wife and mother, with all good thoughts, gentle and womanly, springing up in the pure soil of home, making her soul, like a watered garden, beautiful for flower and for fruit. Following this vision, came the figure of a woman to whom was denied all the blessings of love and home;—a woman erect in pride, but bowed in the spirit beneath a burden of shame, her heart scarred as with fire, and her soul a wilderness, on whose parched sands the rain never fell, though the dwellers of the desert, the scorpion and the serpent, found here food and shelter. The picture was horrible, and its truth passed over him like a withering breath. Justice and Heaven cried out to him, as he saw it, to speak and save her; and above all, knocking at his breast loudly, came that small, steadfast, whispering voice in the human heart, which demands that atonement shall be made for wrong.

"Maurice," he said, nervously, "there are circumstances connected with this dire event, which, if I had known them in time——"

"Father," interposed a very sweet voice, "I have brought you a cup of tea myself. Are you better?"

Radiant in her grace and beauty, Lady Crehylls laid her small hand softly upon his, and smiled into his eyes in a pretty, childish, coaxing way, peculiar to her. Her little boy was with her, holding the folds of her blue silk dress in both his chubby hands, and hiding his face half shyly, half in fun, as Maurice patted his yellow curls.

The presence of his daughter and her child brought a sudden revulsion of feeling to Mr. Lanyon's heart. What was Madeline to him, compared with these? And who was Maurice Pellew, that he should put the happiness of those dear lives into his keeping? Experience and sorrow had taught him to put faith in no man. Maurice might promise secrecy; but what is a promise but idle breath? and a secret is only safe when held within one's own lips; to intrust it to another is to send it forth to the four winds; and if this secret went out to the world, what a crash of ruin would follow! what dire dismay and anguish would fall down upon this happy home! what unutterable woe would swallow up all this peace!

"Agatha," said Mr. Lanyon, and his voice shook, "I am glad you came, my dear—very glad."

"And me, too?" asked the child. "Is g'anpa' glad Aubrey came too?"

Mr. Lanyon took the little one in his arms and kissed him.

"Glad?" said he,—"yes; grandpapa is always glad to see his dear boy."

With hands trembling like winter leaves, the old man set the child upon his knee

"Grandpa will keep Aubrey safe," he murmured.

"Safe!" returned the boy. "No one can hurt Aubrey. Giants can't come to this castle. When I'm bigger, I'll have a sword, and fight giants."

The grave man smiled, and the young mother laughed joyously.

"And I'll kill all the ogres," cried the child, clapping his little hands together,—"the wicked ogres who steal away children."

"May I ask if Miss Sylvester is better?" said Maurice, suddenly.

"Oh Mr. Pellew, I am really ashamed of myself," said Lady Crehylls, blushing a vivid rose; "I ought to have gone up to her room, to see how she is. I'll go at once. Come Aubrey; wish grandpapa good night now, and then we'll go."

"Where is Geoffrey?" asked Mr. Lanyon.

"Oh, he is gone for a stroll in the park, the evening is so lovely," replied Lady Crehylls. "Father, do you know he has asked for Madeline so many times to night, that I am quite jealous. Only fancy, Mr. Pellew, when my husband was a boy, he was so in love with Madeline, that he called her 'My Madeline, my beautiful Madeline!' What do you think of that?"

She did not wait for an answer, but ran away, laughing and singing to her boy as she went. Her joyous presence, her air and tone had jarred upon the time, in the mind of Maurice, and the moment she was gone, he turned to Mr. Lanyon, and intreated him to conclude what he was about to say. Alas! he little guessed that her fresh fair face, and the child's innocent prattle, had sealed Mr. Lanyon's lips, and changed Madeline's and his own fate for ever in the world.

"The circumstance was, perhaps, immaterial," observed Mr. Lanyon, looking down into his tea-cup; "but I will relate it, since I have alluded to it. I must tell you the story from the beginning, clearly, for the garbled account in the paper will scarcely enable you else to understand me."

"In my capacity, as trustee for the Crehylls estate, I was applied to by this—this ruined gentleman, to let him St. Eglon's Hut. Unhappily, in my anxiety to do the best I could for the property under my charge, I consented, and the man and his wife came down here and took possession of the place. Maurice, this wife of his was the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. At all times, in all countries, she would have drawn a crowd of gazers; down here she was simply a wonder. No one could see her without a start of admiration and surprise; no one, having once looked upon her face, could ever forget it again while he lived. The marvellous beauty of the lady, and the reckless dissipation of her husband became common talk. Every one knew they lived unhappy lives; every one knew the man was passionate and jealous, the woman sullen and bitter. Suddenly a friend came to stay with them—the same who was found dead by the river side."

"At the ford, where the cross is cut on the bank?" said Maurice, taking up the paper, and putting it down again, wearily.

"Yes," replied Mr. Lanyon; "and this visitor, this false friend, had not been long at St. Eglon's Hut before people said the wretched spendthrift husband had good cause for jealousy, for he was certainly the secret lover of the beautiful wife. About this time it came to my knowledge that Lord Crehylls—a boy then—was attracted by the wonderful loveliness of this woman, and was following her in her walks, and endeavoring by other foolish boyish ways, to evince his admiration. Alarmed by this, I sent the lad away on a cruise. I had interest enough to get him on board the admiral's ship, in the fleet then at Plymouth, and he left the country and was absent three years."

"Did you think the affair so serious between him and the lady?" asked Maurice.

"By no means," said Mr. Lanyon, lifting his trembling hand to his forehead, and pressing it there a moment; "but I was the lad's guardian, and resolved, therefore, to save him from evil. I feared the violence and jealousy of a man whose wits were always half maddened by drink; so I thought it best to get Geoffrey out of the way of such a husband and such a wife. Scarcely was he safely embarked, when he heard, with dismay, that the wretched woman and her lover had left St. Eglon's Hut, and the forsaken husband was there alone, brooding over his misery. A few days passed, and the body of the lover was washed up by the brook upon the bank. There was no doubt that he was murdered. Then followed all the evidence you have read there,—the fearful quarrel overheard by the servants, and the testimony of the thatcher on the roof of that little cottage beyond the wood, who saw both men enter the wood, but only one return,—the one who threw his blood-stained coat down the old shaft, which lies among the moor-stones. Hidden by the chimney of the cottage, the roof of which he was repairing, the thatcher saw this deed plainly, and wondered at it. This was the act which, in the eyes of the judge and the jury, condemned the unhappy father of Madeline Sylvester."

Mr. Lanyon paused, and Maurice looked at him with a disappointed gaze.

"Are these the only circumstances you had to relate to me?" he said. "They are much the same as the paper tells; and I see nothing in them from which to derive a doubt of this wretched gentleman's guilt. He had been wronged, fearfully wronged; and, in a moment of madness, he slew the villian who had betrayed his friendship and dishonored his name. In most countries such a sudden revenge on the part of a husband would scarcely be called murder. There is a chord of sympathy in the heart of every man which half excused the deed. Perhaps this is the extenuating circumstance to which you allude?"

"No," returned Mr. Lanyon. "See here, have you observed this?" And taking up the paper, he pointed, with a shaking finger, to the evidence of the thatcher. "Do you remark that a third man is seen to enter the wood—enters it first, before Mathew Carbis, the wife's lover—plunges into it gloomily, followed by the husband. And this man has never been seen again from that day to this,"—said Mr. Lanyon, slowly.

Maurice gazed at him with earnest eyes, while, with trembling forefinger still upon the paper, Mr. Lanyon went on.

"The disappearance of this man," he said—"one of those hawkers who ruin the Cornish poor—was not thought much of at the time; but since he has never ventured into this country again—since from that hour he has vanished from human ken as completely as though he were a dead man—I verily believe the statement of this unhappy, ruined, reckless gentleman,—that he found Mathew Carbis dead by the brook side, and lifting him, to see if he could give him aid, his light great-coat became stained with blood. Then, when he saw the man was murdered, it flashed into his mind that of all men living he would be the one whom the world would deem most desirous of Mathew Carbis's death. Trembling at the thought, he flung the body into the stream, and threw his coat into the depths of the old shaft, and returning to his desolate home, he held his peace. Remember, Maurice, he was a man habitually given to intoxication,—not a man likely to act with cool

sense and judgment on any matter,—and now he was half crazed by his wife's flight. Hence, I repeat, that his defence, which I deemed incredible at the time, I now believe; and it is my firm conviction, that he was not the slayer of Mathew Carbis."

It was not the words alone which swelled in clear tones from Mr. Lanyon's lips, but the look of conviction, painful conviction, on his haggard features which impressed and agitated Maurice Pellew in a singular way. The expression he used, the faith he asserted, seemed to spring from something stronger than a mere possibility; it was a belief so fixed and settled, that its root appeared to stand in fact, not in faith.

"You appear sure of what you say," observed Maurice; "and yet, what motive of hate or of revenge could this poor hawker have had against this vile man? Was there any search made for him?"

Mr. Lanyon grasped Maurice's hand in both his as he replied,—"A very slight, a very ineffective search was made; and this is the circumstance that grieves me and preys on my mind to this day. Disbelieving, then, entirely, the story told by the prisoner, I impressed my opinion on others. The trial was hurried on; all demands for a postponement were, through my influence, refused; and the result was, as you have read—death."

"And why were you so over zealous in the cause of justice?" asked Maurice.

"It was not I only," returned Mr. Lanyon. "The feeling of the whole countryside was against the man. He was essentially bad, drunken, and dissolute. Every mind was ready to believe the worst of him. No eye pitied or spared him. The common sympathy was with his wife."

"And where is she now?" asked Maurice, faintly.

"She has never been seen, or heard of since the day of the murder," replied Mr. Lanyon. "She told her servant, Michael Polgrain's sister, that she was going to America, to join a brother she had there. Whether she spoke truly or not, no one can say; but it is certain that, when she quitted St. Eglon's Hut, she did not know that her lover lay dead in the wood. Perhaps she meant to join him. But it is useless to conjecture concerning her fate; the wildest surmises were made at the time; the woods, and the dismal shafts that lie round about, were searched for her body, but all in vain. Neither living nor dead has the beautiful Mrs. Sherborne been ever seen again."

"This is a mystery which greatly complicates the affair," said Maurice, reflectively; "yet I cannot see in it any grounds for your judging the man innocent. It would rather lead to the inference, that in jealous fury, he slew both wife and paramour, and succeeded effectually in disposing of her while he failed with the other."

"You have hit upon the common belief," said Mr. Lanyon; "you have touched the sword which slew that man. And yet I am strongly impressed with the idea that we were all wrong, and his own version of the story was correct."

"Are you telling me all the facts on which you ground that belief?" asked Maurice.

Mr. Lanyon's worn face flushed painfully, and he replied, "I believe so, except that to the last moment of his life he asserted that his hand had never slain Mathew Carbis. And as time has sped onwards, mellowing the prejudices and hatreds of that dreadful day, and above all, as years have passed by, and never brought again to the scene of the murder that man who glided like a shadow through the wood, I tremble to think that with him may be the guilt, and that Walter Sherborne was condemned wrongfully."

The accents of conviction in which Mr. Lanyon spoke, the painful quiver of his voice, the agony on the face, all struck Maurice far more than the words themselves. He took up the paper again, and read the account of the trial all through. It was not a full and graphic report, such as would be printed now in a daily journal, but still there was enough of the evidence given to enable a man of acute mind to come to a tolerably just conclusion.

"Excuse me," said Maurice, looking up from the paper suddenly, "but may I ask your secret motive for hurrying this trial?"

Mr. Lanyon came forward and laid both his hands upon the table, as though to steady his trembling frame. His face shone ghastly white in the twilight.

"As I trust to be forgiven," he said, earnestly, "my motive was pure. Never doubting the man's guilt, I wished to spare Geoffrey the misery of seeing him—the misery of hearing all the dreadful details of the murder, and all the fearful surmises concerning Mrs. Sherborne. He was a sensitive lad, one whose mind could be easily weakened by grief; he had felt a boyish admiration for this woman—an admiration as pure and chivalric as it was romantic and foolish; and I knew her doubtful fate would cause him the keenest distress, and lead perhaps into some frantic or Quixotic acts. Therefore I concealed the whole story from him, and hoped it would fade away in a few months, before he returned home."

"But he did not come back for three years," persisted Maurice.

"I did not know his absence would be prolonged to that time," resumed Mr. Lanyon. "I had only sent him, as I thought, on a short cruise. I expected him to return at Christmas. When I heard that he resolved on going on to the Indies, Walter Sherborne was already dead."

With his eyes still bent on the paper, Maurice remained some moments in deep thought, uttering not a word. When he raised his head, his face was faintly flushed, but its expression was clear, bright and earnest.

"Mr. Lanyon," he said, "I have followed this evidence, link by link; I have listened to your words, and I believe this hawker—the man who anticipated the steps of Mathew Carbis into the wood, and has since then disappeared from all human ken—is either the actual murderer, or his accomplice. I have come to this conclusion as a barrister, as one accustomed to sift evidence. It is enough: I doubt the guilt of Mr. Sherborne. I will take his daughter Madeline, whom you have called Sylvester, to be my wife, if she will accept me."

The two men grasped hands fervently; an inexpressible load seemed lifted from Mr. Lanyon's heart.

"Thank Heaven!" he murmured, audibly. "Madeline shall not come to you without fortune, Maurice," he said.

"I am no romantic simpleton, to say no to that," returned the other. "Give her what you like; it shall of course be her own. I shall not touch it. Let me say one thing more, and then we will lay this dreadful subject at rest for ever. It is my firm intention quietly to trace this hawker, and find him, if he is in the land of the living."

Was it the growing darkness, or a deep shadow of fear, which crept over Mr. Lanyon's face?

"You do not, I hope, think it wise to speak of this to Madeline?" he said.

"No, certainly not," replied Maurice. "It would be cruel to raise in her mind the fevered and uncertain hope of clearing her father's memory. If ever I see cause to think this may be done—if ever in my hand I hold a clue to the truth, I will speak to her, but not till then. Meanwhile, I will tell her that, knowing all her history, my love withstands the shock, and awaits her acceptance, if she will take it."

"May Heaven bless you in it, Maurice!" returned Mr. Lanyon. And so this long conference ended.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

The leaves are falling, falling
Around me thick and fast,
Their rainbow hues recalling,
The glory of the past.
I watch them gently flutter,
Like snowflakes on the ground;
And hear them gently utter,
A warning cry around.

Like us, O, fellow mortal,
Soon thou to dust shall fall!
And stand before the portal,
That doth thy soul appal.
Sweet Spring may, perhaps, caress you;
Bright Summer may be kind;
Calm Autumn, too, may bless you,
But Winter's still behind!

O, learn from us a lesson,
Be happy while you may;
Thine hours of light, O dress them,
In flowers of bright array.
With green leaves wreathe each blossom
And shelter from the blast;
So they shall glad thy bosom,
Till sunny days are past.

And when the cold wind fastens,
At last upon thy brow,
And death in kindness hastens,
To loose them from thy bough.
O gently, gently flutter,
Like us, unto the sod,
No cry of anguish utter,
But trust all to thy God.

Up in the Clouds.

BY MAUD MURRAY.

It was during the autumn of last year that we made up a party to explore the mountain scenery of North Wales.

There were just six of us—myself and my parents, Maud Carruthers, Charley Beauchamp, and my cousin, Dick Dalton. The two latter were brother officers and Indian heroes, with bronzed faces and flowing beards.

I think there never was such a beard as Dick Dalton's—so long, and of such a sunny auburn brown. He had thick curly hair to match, and a pair of wonderfully deep, pleasant, laughter-loving blue eyes.

Bonny Richard Dalton! I thought him the handsomest fellow this world possessed, even though I was and had been engaged for some months to his friend Charley Beauchamp.

I did not wonder that all the girls I introduced him to were wellnigh ready to worship him; and I was not surprised when they told me he was the nicest fellow in the world; and I felt proud to possess such a cousin as Dick Dalton.

But there was one exception to that almost universal adoration bestowed on Dick, and it was Maud Carruthers, a school companion of mine, and bosom friend.

Maud hated him—at least she professed to do so. From the moment he joined our party she was a different creature. She grew stiff, and cold, and haughty—no longer the sweet bright companion we brought away from London with us. Not that she was stiff and cold to us—it was only with Dick; but then, as he was the very life and light of our party, it was only the more unpleasant to have Maud treating him with silent contempt and irritating hauteur.

It was very provoking. I did my best to make matters more amenable, but all in vain.

After a time, however, I began to see the indifference was only assumed, and that Maud's treatment was as galling to him as it was unpleasant to us.

It all came out one night as Maud and I sat over a blazing fire in the little room we shared at the inn half way up a mountain side.

Maud Carruthers and Dick Dalton had met before. It was at a ball in May Fair. Miss Carruthers was seated in the conservatory, screened from the public gaze by a sheltering orange tree, awaiting the return of her partner, who had gone to get her an ice, and Major Dalton and one or two officers were grouped about a glass door near. The chief speaker was a dashing young fellow in the Dragoons.

"Well, Dalton," said he; "made any more conquests? Been introduced to the Carruthers?"

"Don't care to know her," replied Dalton.

"Uncommon fine girl," said the dashing young dragoon; "no money though. Looked as if she'd like to know you just now as she passed, Dalton."

"Don't care for girls who look as if they'd like to know one," said Dalton, conceitedly.

Miss Carruthers' partner returned with the ice, and found that he young lady had risen from her seat with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, proud, haughty and defiant.

The officers turned and saw their unfortunate mistake and withdrew, all except Major Dalton, who in pitiable confusion blurted forth eager apologies, which were as needless as they were earnest, for the young lady turned her back on him, and addressed her partner, who could not make out what had happened, and never did make out!

And this was all; but I confess it was enough to make Maud angry, and I did not wonder at the proud distress upon her face as she told me the story.

It was very unpleasant as the weeks flew by to find these two still enemies—the fault was all Maud's now, for Dick would have made it right long ago had she let him.

Once or twice, when he sat reading to us in that rich, pleasant voice of his, I noticed Maud's eyes wander to his face, as though she were studying him—wondering perhaps if Dick Dalton were such a bad fellow after all.

About the same time Charley and I found out that poor Dick, with all his assumed indifference, was hopelessly in love with this girl.

We did not wonder. I don't see how any man could be six weeks in Maud Carruthers' society without falling in love with her.

We were drawing near the end of our explorations, and had arrived at the picturesque little village of Llanetor, when Maud received a letter from home stating that her cousin, the Earl of Harrowtown, had died suddenly on his way from India, and her father, being the next heir, had come in for the title.

Maud had never seen this cousin of hers, so she did not express much sorrow, but there stole a strange new look of gravity over her face as we called her by her new title, the Lady Maud Carruthers.

The next day we ascended the great mountain, which rose giant like above the quaint village of Llanetor. We started about two in the afternoon, Charley, Dick Dalton, Maud, and I.

More than half-way up the hill-side we halted, sitting down on the grass-grown path.

After a while Maud wandered away from us, sauntering slowly upwards amid the grasses and wild flowers, stopping every now and then to gather any that particularly attracted her attention.

"There goes the sun!" cried Charley. We called to Maud to look. She was a long way above us, on a projecting crag, so near a yawning precipice that it made me shudder to see her. She heard us, and stood to watch the sun set. It went down right regally, leaving for a time a wonderful pink glory over all the earth: then came the twilight.

"We had better not go farther this evening," said Charley. "There is a fog rising from beneath and a misty-looking cloud descending upon us."

Dick Dalton looked up, then he rose to his feet with a spring and put on his Aberdeen, which he had brought with him.

"No, indeed," said he; "we can't trust those hazy appearances. You had better call to Lady Maud, Fanny. If she gets into that cloud there is no knowing when she will come down."

I saw he was anxious, so I called to Maud, but she was too far up to hear me; then Charley called. His deep, manly tones ringing up the mountain side reached her ear. She seemed about to descend, when suddenly she was rendered almost invisible to us by a thick mist.

"Beauchamp, take Fanny home as quickly as you can," cried Dick. "I will bring Lady Maud down. Lose no time, or you will find yourselves in the clouds."

He was gone in a moment, and we began hastily to descend.

Up the rugged hillside sprang Dick Dalton. He could just see Maud faintly, and that was all, for the dark mist was falling heavily around.

Thicker and thicker grew the fog, darker and darker the mountain side, until Maud was lost from view; but he knew the direction she was in.

As he got nearer he shouted:

"Where are you, Lady Maud?"

"Here," was the reply; and the voice sounded just above him, sweet and clear as a bell.

"Are you on the path?" he asked.

"No, I can't find it," she replied: "but I am coming down."

"For Heaven's sake, don't move until I reach you! On one side lies the precipice!"

"Have Fanny and Mr. Beauchamp gone home?" she asked.

"Yes—they must be there by this time."

Lady Maud was annoyed—and he was aware of it. It was not pleasant to be here alone on the mountain with her enemy; but he moved a short distance from her, proud and cold as herself; and they waited in silence for the fog to lift. But it only grew thicker; and the few steps Dick Dalton had moved from Maud's side hid her from view; now he came back to her again.

"Excuse me, Lady Maud, if my presence is unwelcome—as I know it is—but you will kindly bear with it till you are out of danger."

She was silent, and a quarter of an hour passed. It was very dark now, and the fog was only growing denser.

"I see no use in waiting—I really must try to get down somehow; I cannot stay up here all night," she said at last, moving a step or two in the darkness.

He caught her arm and said determinedly, "Lady Maud, if you move it may be to your death. Even if it is all night, you must remain here."

With his hand still upon her arm he passed to the other side.

"Now, Lady Maud, just sit down and have patience. Stay."

He took off his Aberdeen, and before she knew it he had placed it round her, warm and soft, keeping out the chill night air and damp mist, but Maud resisted proudly.

"No, no, Major Dalton, I beg you will not!" and she let it fall to her feet.

Then another silent half hour passed.

"If you promise me not to move, not to stir an inch from this, I will do my best to find the path."

"I shall not move from here," she replied.

Then he slowly moved away, feeling about like a blind man on every side, and Lady Maud sat there alone.

He was gone more than half an hour when she began to grow restless and nervous.

What had become of him? Had he found the path and gone home, leaving her there alone? Something told Maud he would never do that.

"I will call to him, perhaps he has found the path, but cannot get back to me," she said. "Major Dalton!"

As if in answer to the appeal there came a low, quick exclamation, and then a thumping, thundering, dull, heavy sound as of something falling, something bounding from rock to rock, falling, falling, falling, hundreds of feet, down that terrible precipice; then all was silence, dead, dark silence.

Lady Maud sprang to her feet with a low cry, and stood as one stunned.

"Major Dalton! are you there? Oh, speak to me, or come up here!" she cried out loud.

There was no answer, only the thick darkness and the dull roar of the waterfall.

With tightly clasped hands, and eyes that stared wildly out into the night, stood Maud Carruthers, alone upon the mountain; and Dick Dalton, kind hearted, sunshiny, noble Dick Dalton, whose only fault had been a careless, conceited little speech, where was he? Over the cliff, a thousand feet below, a bruised, ghastly corpse?

The thought was agony to her, yet she could not push it from her.

She groped towards the spot where his voice had sounded. She knew the awful cliff was there, but she crouched and crept along.

"Oh, come back to me!" cried the ashy lips.

In her terror she fancied she saw shapes and heard strange hideous sounds around. Her foot slipped, and she would have fallen—yes she would have fallen, only Dick Dalton was there and caught her in his arms.

"Maud!—and you promised not to move."

Both her little hands were round his neck.

"I thought you had fallen," she almost sobbed out in her agony of relief.

"That I had taken a header over the cliff here?" said Dick. "Well, I was nearly over. I loosened a great stone at the edge with my foot, that was what you heard thumping and crashing down there below. I could not find the path, but I will have another try for it."

He led her slowly back, and picking up the cloak put it round her.

"I dread this cold air for you," he said gently.

The only response was a sob.

"Am I forgiven, Lady Maud? Would you really have cared if I had fallen over the cliff?"

Maud shuddered, yet she made no reply.

Then he withdrew his arm and rose to his feet.

She thought he was going from her again. This was no time to be proud and cold.

"You must know that I would!" she cried, stretching out her small hands to detain him. He caught them in both his, and was down at her side in a second.

"Then the war is over," he whispered. "I may tell you now that I love you—my darling, may I not?"

She did not reply, but he was satisfied with the warm pressure of the little hands in his.

Presently there came a shout from below and ere many minutes a faint light glimmered through the darkness. Dick started to his feet, and sent his voice ringing down the mountain side.

"My darling, it is all right now. They have sent the guides up to us."

The lights and voices grew nearer, until not only two guides but Charley Beauchamp appeared with blazing lanterns, lighting up the dim rocky hillside, Dick Dalton's tall, manly form, and the Lady Maud's sweet, pale face.

Reveries of a Burnt Match.

BY CELANIRE.

Woe's me! my day of activity as a match is past. But a little while ago I stood with my brethern in a box on the mantel-shelf, longing for the happy moment when I should leave my home. And now—eh, well, it is all over, and I am lying in the corner of the fire place, a headless, useless splinter of wood.

Looking back over my short life, I am vaguely conscious that I was not always a match. I have dim memories of a time when the warm sunshine touched me, and the air was full of the twitter of birds and the odorous breath of pines.

Yes, I am quite sure that I was once part of a pine tree,—clear white pine, as all respectable matches are. I remember, long after, feeling quite proud therent, because, possessing not only the softness, but also the pliffness and inflammability so necessary to a high toned match, I could thus look with scorn on the more ordinary brands.

But all my tree-life seems like a dream. My first distinct memory is of being terribly hacked and cut by some cruel, relentless machine, then pushed into slats arranged on a double chain and hurried across to a vat of melted sulphur, thence to another vat of phosphorus composition, thence back to a point in front of the cutting machine, where I and many of my kinsfolk were gathered up by a box into trays, and sent into the packing room.

There we were packed, one after the other, into small boxes, until, at the close of the day, about one thousand gross of these small boxes had been filled.

But on looking about me, I found that we matches were not all alike. With some of us, paraffine oil had been used instead of sulphur. Others consisted of phosphorus, nitre, fine glue, red ochre and smalt in certain proportions. These last were considered the aristocratic matches; and indeed, they quite ignored the rest of us as plebeians.

"Although," as one of my elder brothers remarked, "they need not put on such airs, as we could trace our relationship quite as far back as they, to the very first lucifer match made."

Whereupon I inquired: "How so?"

"You foolish little match!" rejoined my brother, sharply. "Chiefly because of the chlorate of potash which enters into our composition, of course.

"In the year 1829 an English chemist, a Mr. Walker, was experimenting upon this substance. He found that it could be instantly ignited by friction, as in rapidly drawing a stick coated with it and phosphorus by means of mucilage or glue through folded sand paper. When the great Faraday heard about these matches, he procured some, and brought them into notice. The manufacture quickly increased, till it became an important industry. And now it is estimated that every individual in Europe and North America uses about six of us matches a day.

"So you see," he added, "that the chlorate of potash in our composition shows us to be more directly related to the first lucifer made, than are those upstarts yonder."

"My friend," began one of the matches of whom he spoke, "allow me to say that we can trace our relationship farther back than that, as the lucifers were by no means the first matches made. There was a kind used some time before, known as chemical matches."

"Very likely that!" remarked my brother. But our neighbor went on without heeding the interruption.

"They were composed," he said, "of small sticks of wood dipped first into sulphur, and then into a composition of chlorate of potash, flowers of sulphur, colophony, gum or sugar, and cinnabar for coloring. With them was used a little bottle of sulphuric acid, in which the match was dipped, and instantly ignited by the chemical action taking place between the acid and chlorate of potash."

"What of that?" snapped my brother. "It only proves that our relationship extends still farther back than I thought."

"Oh well," replied the other, "we can all of us trace our origin back to what is known as the very earliest form of the common match. In 1680, a few years after the discovery of phosphorus, that substance was used by a certain Londoner, who applied it by rubbing it between folds of brown paper, till it took fire; it was then made to ignite a stick, one end of which had been already dipped in sulphur. So, my friend," he concluded, "you see that we are no upstarts, but are quite as respectably connected as you."

"Dear me," snappishly remarked my brother, "you needn't make so much fuss about it. It isn't such a great matter after all."

Just then—crack! crack! went one of our neighbors. We all stood on tiptoe to look over the edge of our boxes, and had just time to see that somebody was rubbing the match very hard over sand-paper, when it burst into a brilliant beautiful flame, and was then carried away, and we never saw it more.

"Dear me!" I said, "I should like to know what made that match burn so?"

"How annoying you are!" exclaimed my brother—for he has not yet gotten over his vexation. "Well, I suppose I shall have to answer you that, too.

"First of all, then, friction caused the phosphorus in the match to ignite. Next the chlorate of potash being heated, set free its oxygen, which suddenly uniting with the phosphorus, produced that crackling noise. This sudden union of phosphorus and oxygen ignited the glue and other combustibles, and these in turn set fire to the wood of the match itself. Now really," he added, "you must not ask me any more questions."

Thus admonished, I was silent, but still looked about me, and tried to become acquainted with my neighbors.

Although I considered myself rather a superior match, I found that many of my kinsfolk had one advantage over me. To prevent them from smouldering, their wood had been soaked in a solution of alum borax, Glauber salts or Epsom salts.

But that did not grieve me in the least, for I felt that I was too high-toned a match to disgrace myself by smouldering.

One kind, called "Safety lucifer matches" interested me greatly.

In these a part of the combustibles containing phosphorus, was placed on a piece of sand-paper, while the other part containing chlorate or nitrate of potash, was placed on the tip of the match. Neither match nor sand paper singly would take fire from friction, except when rubbed against each other.

But why do my thoughts linger so over my early days? Surely not because of their joy; for the happiest part of my life came afterward, when I was put, with some of my kinsfolk, in a box on the mantle-shelf.

Near us stood a brass candle-stick—an old-fashioned, kindly neighbor, who told us many a curious tale.

"Look," he once said to us, "see this tall white candle that I hold. Has it not a soft beautiful flame? Yet this candle, too is dying, like all the others."

And when we asked the cause of its death, he answered:

"It is Oxygen—Oxygen the destroyer! The wax of each candle, as it grows hot in the flame, is seized in his cruel embrace, and torn to pieces. The carbon in the wax passes off as carbonic acid gas—the hydrogen as invisible drops of water. Ah, he is so relentless, this Oxygen! He it is who is always on the alert to destroy what he can—a fallen tree, a dead bird, a dropped horseshoe—and he would even be glad to cover me with rust, if he ever found me in a damp place. But, sooner or later we must all yield to his power—yes, even you little matches!"

"Nay, friend," said the tall white candle reprovingly, "thou hast told these matches but half the story.

"Oxygen is, in truth the destroyer; but he tears down, only that other forces may build up. And the spirit within us all—the force which holds our particles together—that he cannot destroy. It simply takes on itself a new form.

"So, little matches," he added, "you need not fear this cruel Oxygen; for he only sets free your spirit, that it may escape into a new life."

Many days after, the supreme moment of my life came, and I burst into a joyous blaze—to be thrown the next moment into a corner of the fire-place.

And lying here now, poor burnt match that I am, I cannot help wishing that the Oxygen which animates the flames yonder would draw near and fold me in his embrace, that my spirit may escape to the regions of the upper air.

SOME MISPLACED NAMES.

A very curious chapter might be written upon the contrast between many noted localities and the names which they bear, a contrast so glaring in many cases as to suggest a prophetic irony on the part of those who named them. Salem (peace) afterward lengthened into Jerusalem, harmonizes ill with the associations of a spot which has witnessed the multiplied horrors of the three bloodiest sieges in history. The palace of the Louvre in Paris, now one of the great monuments of civilization in its highest form, literally signifies "place of wolves" with which its site once abounded. The muddiest of Asiatic rivers is styled "Clear Stream" (Syr-Daria) and Russia's oldest city is still "New Town" (Novgorod) in memory of its rank as the capital of Ruric's newly-founded State in 879. Sebastopol, an abbreviation of the Greek words *Sebastes polis* (august city) looks anything but august at present, with its crumbling defences, half-destroyed docks, and long lines of roofless houses. Billingsgate, now a byword for the lowest vulgarity, originally took its name from Prince Belin; and the capital of Russian Turkistan, which stands in the midst of a clayey plain, and contains not a single stone which has not been brought from a distance, bears the unaccountable title of "Stone Village" (Tashkend.)

The table of the great Frederic of Prussia was regulated by himself. There were always from nine to a dozen dishes, and these were brought in one at a time. The King carved the solitary dish, and helped the company. One singular circumstance connected with this table was, that each dish was cooked by a different cook, who had a kitchen to himself! There was much consequent expense, with little magnificence. Frederic ate and drank, too, like a boon companion. His last work, before retiring to bed, was to receive from the chief cook the bill of fare for the next day; the price of each dish, and of its separate ingredients, was marked in the margin. The monarch looked it cautiously through generally made out an improved edition, cursed all cooks as common thieves, and then flung down the money for the next day's expenses.

A CURIOUS FACT.—It is said that wasps and bees, and by inference other insects of the same class, when chloroformed and at the point of death, protrude their stings and, bending the body until the tail approaches the mouth, seemingly absorb a drop of clear fluid that exudes from the point of the sting, and at once become motionless and apparently dead. They may, however, subsequently recover, so that the act cannot be regarded as suicidal. The inference is that the poison is a narcotic of which the insect partakes when an extremity arrives from which he thinks there is no escape.

THE DISCOVERY OF BUTTER.—Butter was not in use before the Christian era. It was first used as a cosmetic for hair-dressing by women. For some centuries later it was used as a burning oil; lamps and churches were lighted with it abroad at so late a period as 1500. Since then it may be considered an article of food solely.

THE Bessemer steel trade, which had its origin in England more than twenty years ago, bids fair to supercede the iron industries; and the "age of iron" is becoming transformed into the "age of steel."

Christmas dinner for the paupers of St. Pancras, London: Six ounces roast beef, eight ounces potatoes, one pound plum pudding, one pint beer and tea, coffee, fruit, sweetmeats, tobacco and snuff. The pudding served out was composed of 560 pounds of flour, 432 pounds of suet, 336 pounds of sugar, currants and raisins, 72 pounds of orange and lemon peel, 26 pounds of citron peel, 2 pounds of spice, 900 eggs, 12 gallons of old ale, and 5 gallons of milk.

One John Brinton, living somewhere in Iowa, had a fancy some years ago that Jerusalem would be a good point for the establishment of a whisky saloon. His wife called him a fool, and refused to go with him. He divided his little property with her and went alone. He has been successful, and she has now joined him. Foreign visitors are numerous, especially Americans and Englishmen, and John's saloon is appreciated.

Two thousand bottles of champagne, 1,000 of claret, 2,000 litres of punch, 2,400 litres of syrup and iced coffee, 4,000 cups of chocolate, 20,000 cakes, 20,000 sandwiches and rolls, 500 fowls, 400 partridges, 50 hams, and 200 pounds of candy were consumed by the guests at Marshal MacMahon's Versailles fete.

Congressmen do not all live sumptuously in Washington, according to the Boston *Herald's* correspondent, who says that those who keep house in fashionable style are comparatively few. Many live in cheap boarding houses. Others hire furnished rooms and go to common restaurants for their meals.

Mme. Litvinow, a Russian lady, has received the degree of doctor of philosophy from the University of Berne. She passed her examination with such brilliancy, especially in mathematics, that the faculty unanimously agreed to attach the highest mark—"Cum summa laude"—to her diploma.

News of Interest

Wade Hampton's condition is such that his injured leg may have to be amputated.

Miss Strong is a California lady who paints animals so well that she sells the portrait of a dog for $250.

The Ameer of Cabul is a literatteur, having translated "Robinson Crusoe" from the Urdu into Persian.

At a recent convention of anglers in in London over forty societies belonging to that city alone, were represented.

Fiesole is one of the few Italian towns which have a right to create nobles. A title of Count can be bought there for $100.

Florence Marryatt, the noted novelist, it is said, will soon be divorced from her husband, who is a colonel in the Indian Army.

Boston policemen are compelled to wear leather collars, the intention being to make them hold up their heads in a soldiery manner.

Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt is a writer as well as an actor and sculptor. She has been writing a book describing her voyage in a balloon.

Dom Pedro's summer residence in Brazil is called a "yellow barn"—being a long, low building, needing paint and hung with vines.

A lawyer's clerk in London lately exhibited a strong taste for law by stealing 160 volumes from his employer's professional library.

One of the articles shipped from India to China is salted rats, which are, as is well-known, highly appreciated in China as an article of food.

English sportsmen are taking great interest in American canoes, particularly the Indian ones of birch, and many have been sent to London.

Mrs. Mackay is reported to have expended something like $70,000 at the Paris Exhibition, buying many articles declined by royalty as too dear.

At a single meal three or four Afghans find no difficulty in eating the tail of a dumbs sheep, a mass of pure fat weighing from six to eighteen pounds.

There has been a great falling off in the yield of amber in the Baltic. Reaches of coast rented for $500 have yielded amber to the amount of only $100.

Ex-Congressman Vance, of Ohio, who is still confined in an insane asylum, is said to be so much improved that his friends hope for his speedy discharge.

Mme. Seltke, the colored prima donna from the West, sang before a number of musical critics in Washington, recently, and created a very favorable impression.

Miss Rose Hubbard, daughter of an English Member of Parliament, is a successful poultry fancier, and can also cut down a tree almost as well as Mr. Gladstone himself.

Miss Lavina Goodell, the Wisconsin lawyer, is mentioned as a slender woman, whose hair is gray, but not with years, and whose toilet is without eccentricity, as her manner is without boldness.

The Berlin police have lately found that at least one-tenth of the population of that city live in cellars. The mortality among them is great. Half of the houses of the city are excessively crowded.

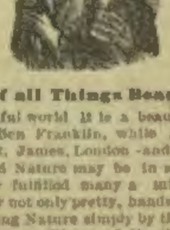
A man by the name of Gates lately sent gas shares down 12 per cent. in Cork by proposing to light the whole harbor for £5,000, and maintain four great electric lamps at 4 pence an hour for each lamp.

The Princess of Denmark is an exceedingly tall lady, but very graceful. She is so tall that it is merrily related that when she dances, wearing a lofty diadem, that headdress brushes the chandeliers.

A Liverpool man was recently convicted and fined the fifteenth time for the offense of refusing to have his children vaccinated. He continues to refuse, and is likely to be the subject of a permanent tax in fines and costs.

England is beginning to receive meat from southern Russia, and a representative of a German house has invaded Sheffield and is offering scissors and such like goods, serviceable and well finished articles, at from 15 to 40 per cent. below the manufacturers' price.

The Duke of Connaught is said to be a special favorite with his godfather, the Emperor of Germany. The latter keeps around his room a large number of pictures and photographs of the young man. The Duke is somewhat handsomer than his brother, the Prince of Wales.



"Of all Things Beautiful

in this beautiful world it is a beautiful woman," So said wise Ben Franklin, while Ambassador at the Court of St. James, London—and say we. However backward Nature may be in some instances, Art has duly fulfilled many a mission, making women appear not only pretty, handsome, but beautiful, improving Nature simply by the harmless use of Laird's famous "Bloom of Youth," a majestic preparation for beautifying the complexion or preserving the skin, giving it a delicate and brilliant hue. As a toilet, it has no equal; is free from any deleterious substances, and pronounced above all others as a reliable but harmless preparation. Beware of spurious imitations. Depot of G. W. Laird's Bloom of Youth, 68 John street, New York.

PENSHURST CASTLE.

BY J. S. T.

Bid me not, in battle field,
Buckler lift, or broad sword wield!
All my strength and all my art,
Is to touch the gentle heart.
—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Fair eve fell softly on the beauteous park,
Whose velvet undulations, stretching wide,
Gleam like the splendor of a mantle dark,
Thrown round the beauty of a white faced bride.

So round the Castle lay the dark green lawns
And dewy hillocks, crowned with stately trees,
Light touched the earliest when the morning dawns,
And whisp'ring lightly to the evening breeze.

The sun's last rays far athwart the hills,
To greet with dying glow the ancient halls,
And glanced from giant trees and gentle rills,
To linger fondly on the old white walls.

'Twas thus I saw them, at the close of day,
Bathed in the radiance of a setting sun;
The ivy-mantled walls and turrets grey,
Which evermore a worthy name have won.

These are the halls so haunted by romance,
The home of chivalry, where good and wise,
The gentle Sidney's sad, poetic glance
Still dreamt of Stella and her starry eyes.

And yet there dwells within those stately towers,
A beauty which the heart as fondly hails
As any Sidney, in his happiest hours,
Had fancied wand'ring thro' Arcadian vales.

But one must win my heart away from thee,
Thou last and loveliest of a noble line,
In whom all mortal gifts so well agree,
That even thy human faults are half divine.

Oh, thou! my first, sweet love, again to thee,
Here on this olden, genius-haunted ground,
I bend anew the reverential knee,
To find thy beauties more than erst I found.

PENSHURST, Eng., October, 1879.

WEAKER THAN A WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "THE COST OF HER LOVE," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT."

CHAPTER XXII.

Felix was at rest for a short time. When he grew calmer and thought more carefully about Mrs. Haye's letter, he ceased to feel any great surprise. Mrs. Haye was, he knew, a worldly woman, and nothing was more natural under the circumstances than that she should cease to care for her daughter's marriage with him. But, with the hope that had sprung up afresh in his heart, it seemed to him that his strength and his energy had no bounds, that he could work as no one had worked. Violet was the mainspring of it all. If he lost her, he knew that he should never care to do another hour's labor. He began afresh with such zeal, such energy such industry and perseverance, that every one wondered at him. He let them wonder—he knew why he was working.

And, while he was counting the hours, trying to turn each one into gold, Sir Owen was busy too. He had come to a perfect understanding with Mr. and Mrs. Haye. He told them that he would cheerfully give half his fortune to make Violet his wife. He had asked them to help him, and had promised them their reward. Mrs. Haye went on a short visit to her cousin, and was dismayed to hear from Violet that Felix had been to see her—that he had gone back home with the hope that all was right.

"Why did you not tell him the truth, Violet?" asked Mrs. Haye sternly. "It was cruel to deceive him further."

"I could not, mamma," she replied, her eyes filling with tears—"he looked so ill and unhappy, I could not."

"It was cruel kindness, Violet," declared Mrs. Haye; but she said no more, knowing that, in her daughter's place, she should have done the same thing.

It was arranged that Sir Owen should go down to North Alton and renew his offer of marriage. If Violet consented, the marriage must take place, Mrs. Haye said, in London. If they were married in Lilford, Felix Lonsdale was quite capable of going into the church and taking the bride from the altar. She was sorry for him, and she felt that it would be needless cruelty for the marriage to be celebrated just before his eyes. "It will be hard enough," she said to herself, "without that."

So all was arranged as she desired. Owen went to North Alton, and the beautiful fickle girl who had loved Felix Lonsdale and given him up plighted her troth to a man she did not love—plighted it because he was rich. He had taken with him a magnificent diamond ring, which was to be the pledge of their engagement; and, as he placed it on her finger, he looked wistfully into her face.

"You care for me a little, Violet, do you not? You are a cold bride, after all, for a man to win. If I really thought that you really liked that lawyer better than me, I would not ask you to marry me—upon my soul I would not! I give you all I have—my love and my fortune. Surely you have a smile and a kind word to give me in return."

No wonder that he spoke in that strain to her. She was too weak even to be a great sinner—too weak to sin and forget her sin. It looked her in the face now as she stood with the light of the baronet's eyes upon her, the diamond ring on her finger, contrasting the wooing of her two lovers, and knowing full well which was best.

"Am I not kind?" she asked with an exquisite smile—a smile that pleased him so that he clasped her in his arms and kissed her.

When he did so, she wished herself dead. She said to herself that she could not go through with the new engagement; that she must let the wealth, the rank, the title pass; that she must give all up and go back to Felix. She loved Felix, and she did not, nor would she ever, love Sir Owen.

She had a few minutes for reflection; and then he was telling her of the future, of all she would enjoy—how people would envy her, and what a position she would take in the great bright world. She listened, for the words were pleasant, and forget her pain.

To Felix Lonsdale there came strange rumors, but he would not believe any of them. He had implicit faith in Violet—implicit trust. Until she told him that she was false to him, he should not believe one word to that effect.

One morning he received two letters. One was from Violet, and it said—

"Try and forget me, Felix. I have never been worthy of the great love you have given me; I am not worthy of it now. Try to forget me; for I have been thinking it all over, and I can see that our engagement must be broken. You said you would believe it when I wrote it. Believe it now, for I say that it must end. In the years to come we may be friends—never anything more.

"VIOLET."

He read it with unbelief. Some one had compelled her to write it; it had not been done of her own free will—of that he was sure.

The second note was from his humble, faithful friend Jennie, the pretty housemaid, written with many apologies for the liberty she had taken; but she wanted him to know that her young lady would be at home at the Limes that night, on her road from North Alton to London. Her master and mistress were going to London with Miss Violet, she added, and she was afraid there was mischief on foot. It was her own private opinion that they had persuaded Miss Violet to marry some one else. If he went to the Limes late that evening she would keep the entrance and the garden gate open, and she would manage that he should see Miss Haye.

He read both letters through, but he did not lose his reason this time. A calm settled despair came to him, against which he struggled blindly; he would not believe that his love was false even though he read it in her own handwriting. He would not believe it unless she told him so herself—anything was more credible than that she should have deceived him and broken her word. When he believed that, he said to himself, the heavens would fall. Whom could she be going to marry? How absurd! How ridiculous! He had never heard her name mentioned except with his own. He knew that she had many admirers, but who would dare to speak of marriage to her when it was well known that she was engaged to him? He could well understand that it was Jennie's own sensitive care and anxiety for him that had led her to make the mistake.

He would go however and see Violet, and hear from her what it all meant—but not at night—certainly not when it was late, as though he were afraid of being seen. He was her betrothed lover, she was his promised wife. He would go up to the front door in the broad daylight and ask to see the girl who had promised to marry him. Suddenly he remembered that, if he did so, he must betray Jennie. Violet's return had been kept a secret, and the family would at once suspect her of having betrayed it. Another thing had occurred to him—if they did not wish him to see Violet, and he went in a straightforward, honest way to ask for her, they might, and most probably would, refuse to let him see her; they would invent some untruth or other, and, if she were really going to London, he should miss the only chance he had of seeing her. It was humiliating and mortifying, but he must act as Jennie proposed; he had no other resource. He would go that night and see Violet.

Again he wrote home to say that he should not return until late; and Kate's kind eyes filled with tears as she read, thinking of how hard he was working, and her heart misgive her that it was all for nothing—that the prize he was laboring and waiting and hoping for would never be his. She had heard of Violet's absence from home, and her quick mother-wit had soon told her that of that absence Felix knew little or nothing. She was compelled to content herself with the thought that she would sit up for him and attend to his comfort when he did return.

Felix went. He hated himself for going at night, when no one could see him—for seeking a clandestine interview with his promised wife. The night was dark, and the wind blew cold. It was after nine when he reached the entrance gate. He found it open, and Jennie waiting for him inside.

"You will not be angry with me, sir, will you?" she said. "But it seemed to me almost as though some one were being killed. I am quite sure they have persuaded my young lady to marry some one else. I heard her crying bitterly this evening."

But Felix could not discuss the subject nearest to his heart even with this faithful, humble friend.

"Do you think I shall be able to see Miss Haye, Jennie?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. I will give her a message that in a few minutes will bring her down here to you. She will not be angry with me." And in a few minutes she had kept her word.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The girl Jennie delivered her message, and Violet quickly appeared at the gate of the Limes.

Before Felix had spoken to her, before he had touched her hand, the moment he had looked into her fair drooping face he knew that she was guilty. Something had gone from it that he was never to see again; something was there which was never more to leave it. She gazed at him and gave a little low cry; then, standing before him, she buried her face in her hands. He went up to her slowly; he took her hands from her face and raised it to his own. Then the lovely eyes closed; they could not meet his. He dropped her hands.

"You are guilty, Violet. Great Heaven, you have betrayed me! You meant what you wrote to-day."

There was something so quiet in his despair that Violet imagined his tone to be one almost of indifference, and the thought gave her courage; if he had shown any sign of great pain, she would have been frightened.

"I could not help it," she replied. "Do not be angry with me, Felix. I know it is the poorest of excuses—but it is true; I cannot help it. It was of no use going on in the same dreary way. It must have come to an end sometime."

"Let me quite understand," he said; "let me make no mistake this time. What have you done, Violet?"

"I have not done anything; but it seems better that we should part. No good can come of our engagement: it was a mistake."

He looked sadly at her.

"You say so, my darling, to whom I have given the best love of my heart—my life itself; you say that?"

"It is true, Felix," she replied; "and I am very sorry. I shall never like any one as I have liked you, and you will not really care about any other woman as you have cared for me—I know it; but it cannot be helped."

He held up his head with such dignity, such passion of despair, that she was silenced. The false light words, the false light excuses, all withered into nothing, and she knew that she stood in the presence of a mighty sorrow, a mighty passion. All her little affectations, her miserable apologies, became as nothing before Felix's heart-rending distress and hopelessness.

"Hush!" he said. "Do not add to your sin by another false word; do not mock me by excuses which you would be ashamed to make to a servant whom you were dismissing unjustly. Tell me, is it true?"

"Is what true, Felix? Do not look so angrily at me—you frighten me. Is what true?"

As she spoke she shrank back from him until she stood near the lilac-bushes, the branches of which were bare now of flowers.

"Not there," he cried—"for Heaven's sake, not there! You stood there, a few short weeks since, with your arms round my neck, with your hand in mine, swearing to be true to me, saying that you belonged to me—that you loved me. Come away from there if you would not drive me mad!"

She returned to him, and they walked some little distance from the lilac-bushes.

"Violet," he said, "I can hardly believe that our meeting thus is real. I must be in a dream, from which I shall soon awake, and laugh to think that I believed in what was happening. It cannot be that I, Felix Lonsdale, have had to steal under the cover of darkness to meet you, my promised wife, and that you who have loved me, who have kissed me, who have looked on me as your future husband, are here to tell me that you are false to me. Stand still—so—and let me look into the face wherein I thought all happiness lay. Now tell me—is it true?"

He held her before him; she felt that his eyes were fixed on her—they seemed to burn to her very heart.

"You put things so strangely," she said. "I hardly know what answer to make to you. You are not fair to me. I have found that my engagement to marry you is not wise for either of us, and I tell you so. I see no heinous crime in that."

"You promised to love me, and me alone, until death—do you mean to keep that promise! No prevarication—speak truthfully—'Yes' or 'No;' do you mean to keep that promise? Speak, Violet."

But he had to bend low to hear her answer; it was a whispered "No."

"You promised to marry me, to be my wife, to spend your life with me and brighten mine; do you mean to keep that promise! Speak—'Yes' or 'No.'"

"No," she whispered again.

"Will you tell me why you refuse, Violet?"

Again she took courage at the seeming indifference of his tone.

"I cannot, Felix," she said; "you will find many another more suited to be your wife than I am."

"I do not want any one but you who have promised. What is there in the life I offer you that you dislike?"

"All of it, except—that I should like to be with you. I dislike the poverty, the obscurity, the want of rank and position. I am not so noble as you have always thought me Felix. I love wealth and luxury, I love magnificence. I should never be content in the little home that you would give me—there would not be enough to fill my life. I felt that when I stood in it. I asked myself how I should live through the long years there. I should be miserable and you would be miserable too."

He looked at her in amazement.

"Would not love content you?" he asked.

The golden head drooped before him. She was ashamed of the words she had to speak.

"No, it would not content me," she replied. "You deem me better, wiser, and nobler than I am. There are hundreds of good and noble women in the world, who ask only for love and are content with it; Seek one of those, Felix—they are worthier than I."

"Hush!" he cried again. "Do not say such words; many a man has taken the life of the woman he loved for less than that."

She shrank back from him with a pale scared face; he smiled one of the saddest and bitterest smiles she had ever seen on a human face.

"Have no fear, Violet; I spoke without reflection. You cannot think I meant to threaten you—you, every hair of whose hair is dearer to me than my own life. Love would not content you, Violet?"

"No. I may as well tell you the truth. I was ignorant of many things when I promised to marry you. I did not know what riches meant—what luxury or magnificence was—what luxury or pleasure comprised."

"And you know now?" he said when she paused.

"Yes, I know now—and I cannot do without them. I would rather have had love with them; as I cannot have both, I chosen them. You cannot call it a great sin, Felix, to change my mind when I did not know what my mind was."

"Violet," he said gravely, "do you know what even the world says of a woman who deliberately jilts her lover?"

"No," she replied.

"It says some hard things. It says that the woman who could be false to her plighted lover would be false to her husband and to Heaven; it says that such a woman brands herself 'liar' before the whole world—that she loses the claim to rank with women of honor. That is what the world says. Do you know what a higher power than the world says?"

"No," she answered him again.

"That lying lips are an abomination. Whose lips lie so cruelly, so falsely, as the lips of the woman who breaks her plighted word and oath of fidelity—who lures a man on to love her with sweet words and sweet smiles—who promises to love him for ever, and then turns round and says she loves wealth better? Where will you get this coveted wealth, Violet, even if you persist in refusing to keep your word with me?"

But she did not answer him; there were limits to what she dare do, and she dare not tell him that she was going to marry Sir Owen.

"You are very hard on me, Felix," she said.

"Nay. I am but telling you the truth—the solemn unvarnished truth. If you do give me up and marry even a title, never dream that you will have the respect or the esteem of your fellow-creatures; you would always be spoken of as the woman who jilted her true lover to marry a wealthier man."

But, in the pride of her youth and her beauty, in the pride of the future that seemed so brilliant to her, she would not believe that she did not believe it, although she did not say so to him.

"Listen again, Violet," he continued in the same grave dispassionate voice. "You seem to think it a mere matter of changing your mind. Look at it now from my point of view—forget yourself for one minute and think of me. I have loved you all my life—ah, my darling, you will never know how dearly nor how well! You are my life itself; my heart, my love and soul are centred in you, my hopes have grown round you. I have always thought of you as my wife—as the chosen companion of my life. Ah, my darling, if I stood here until the sun shone again I could not tell you how I love you! I have never thought of life without you—never. I could as soon live without air, without food, as without my hope of you—my love of you; my life will end when you leave. Think of my claim, Violet. You promised me, and I have lived on your promise, what is to become of me if you change your mind?"

"You will forget me soon, Felix," she said gently.

"Yes, dear—when the sun cease to shine, when the tide neither ebbs nor flows, when flowers cease to bloom and birds to sing; but not until then, my sweet." His voice took all its old sweetness, his face its old light, as he drew nearer to her. "My darling," he said, "it was not your real self that was speaking. Your parents have persuaded you. They told you I cannot give you a home suited for you; but I can, my darling—I can. Only trust me. It is a strange dream this—a dream that will soon pass. They have persuaded you to say what you did. It was not my Violet who spoke, from whose heart those worldly sayings came. They have persuaded you, and talked to you, until your thoughts and ideas are all confused. Violet sweet, forget all they have advised, forget this wretched interview. You cannot mean what you have said. Nothing so beautiful could be so false; nothing so beautiful could be so cruel. Let us forget it, my darling. I forgive it all, for I forgive it all, for I know it has been taught to you. Violet, let us bury the last wretched week. Let us begin again—you with renewed hope in me, I with my old love and old faith in you—faith and love which have never varied, and never will. Will you listen to me, Violet?"

"I cannot," she cried—and he felt the shudder that passed over her frame—"I cannot, Felix."

"Have you ceased to love me, Violet?" he asked quietly.

"No!" she cried. "Oh, do forgive me, Felix! I wish I had!"

"You still care for me?" he asked.

It seemed some relief to her to cry out that she did care for him—to lay her golden head on his breast, and moan out that she wished she were dead. His whole face brightened and changed as he heard the words.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BRIC-A-BRAC.

DOG SAGACITY.—Here is the last dog story: A gentleman was the fortunate owner of "two dogs," one an honest old Newfoundlander, and the other a little black-and-tan terrier. One cold night last winter a friend who happened to be at the gentleman's house heard the little dog barking at a furious rate, and inquired the cause. "I'll tell you," said the gentleman; "both dogs occupy the same house, and the big dog, on the principle that might makes right, takes the inside. But here's a piece of canine strategy. The little fellow runs into the yard and barks and barks, till the fellow comes out to see what's the matter, when 'black and tan' takes the opportunity to slip into the kennel, and so secure the snug inside berth. Strange to say, as often as this trick has been played on the big dog, he seems to grow no wiser, but is sold every time."

LANGUAGE OF FINGER RINGS.—In case of a gentleman wishing to marry—literally "in the market" with his heart—he wears a plain or chased gold ring upon the first finger of the left or heart hand. When success attends his suit, and he is actually engaged, the ring passes to his third finger. If, however, the gentleman desires to tell the fair ones that he not only is not "in the market," but that he does not design to marry at all, he wears the signet upon the little finger, and all the ladies may understand that he is out of their reach. With the fair sex the "laws of the ring are: A plain or chased gold ring on the little finger of the right hand implies "not engaged,"; or, "in plainer words, "ready for proposals, sealed or otherwise." When engaged the ring passes to the third finger of the right hand. When married the third finger of the left hand receives it. If the fair one purposes to defy all seige to her heart, she places the ring on her first and fourth finger—one on each—like two charms to keep away the tempter. This latter disposition of rings is very rare.

THE PIPE IN TURKEY.—In Turkey tobacco and pipes are not merely the distinctive tokens of different ranks. A marshal would think it altogether unsuitable to smoke with a pipe shorter than two ells, while the handicraftsman, or the official of a lower order, would be deemed presumptuous if his pipe-stem transcended the measure of that habitual with his class. The grandee, in contact or contrast with a man of low degree, can parade his pipe to its full length; but the man of low degree, modestly thrusting aside or concealing his pipe, must not show more of it than the mouthpiece which he holds in his hand. The pasha can, like the chimney of a steamer, throw forth clouds of smoke, but the subordinate must allow only small circles of smoke, light as zephyrs, to flow from his lips, and he must so contrive that the smoke does not go in front of him, but turns backwards. In the presence of a grandee, not to smoke is regarded as a testimony of respect. This sign of respect a son is likewise expected to show to his father, and a well-trained and well-mannered son is that one regarded who, in spite of the repeated request of his father, refuses to smoke.

ANCIENT BANQUETS.—A very remarkable peculiarity in the banquets of the ancients was their not confining the resources of the table to the gratification of one sense alone. Having exhausted their invention in the confection of stimulants for the palate, they broke new ground and called in another sense to their aid, and by the delicate application of odors and richly-distilled perfumes, these refined voluptuaries aroused the fainting appetite and added a more exquisite and ethereal enjoyment to the grosser pleasures of the board. The gratification of the sense of smelling—a sense held by us in very undeserved neglect, probably on account of its delicacy—was a subject of no little importance to the Romans. However, this may be, it is certain that the Romans considered flowers as forming a very essential article in their festal preparations, and it is the opinion of Basius, that at their desserts the number of flowers far exceed that of fruits. When Nero supped in the Golden House, a mingled shower of flowers and odorous essences fell upon him; and one of Heliogabalus's recreations was to smother his courtiers with flowers, of whom it may be said, they "died of a rose in aromatic pain." Nor was it an entirely as an object of luxury that the ancients made use of flowers; they were considered to possess sanitive and medicinal qualities. According to Pliny, Athenæus and Plutarch, certain herbs and flowers were of sovereign power to prevent the approach of ebriety or, as Basius less clearly expresses it, clarify the functions of the brain.

THE RUSSIAN SABLE.—The most fashionable and costly of all furs is the Russian sable—the skin of a weasel, which is about three or four times as large as the common weasel, to which family it belongs. A choice skin of the sea otter or the black fox may command a higher price than one of the Russian sable, but the cost of the latter will be relatively greater on account of its smaller size. The fur of the Russian sable is brown in summer, with some gray spots on the head, and may be distinguished from all other furs from the hair turning and lying equally well in any direction. In winter, when the animal is usually taken, the color of the fur is a beautiful black. The darkest skins are the most valuable. In its natural condition the fur has a bloomy appearance; but dyed sables generally lose their gloss, and the hairs become twisted or crisped. Sometimes the skins are blackened by being smoked, but the deception is exposed by the smell and the crisped hairs. Only about twenty-five thousand are annually taken, but these command extraordinary prices, the average price of raw skin being about $25, while a choice "crown" Russian sable will sell for $200.

THE REVIEWER
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"The Compound Oxygen Treatment; Its Mode of Action and Results." By G. R. Starkey, A. M., M. D. Philadelphia, Starkey & Palen, pp. 213." No one can give this little treatise a careful perusal without being strongly impressed by the theory of cure which it advances, based as it evidently is upon known scientific principles; and we are not at all surprised to learn that intelligent physicians in all parts of the country are beginning to give more and more attention to the new treatment for chronic diseases which the treatise explains and illustrates with such remarkable clearness. "Your little work," writes an observant physician who has practiced in the South for over twenty-five years, "has fallen into my hand, and the therapeutical and pathological views therein inculcated, being in a greater extent in accord with what theory and experience have been impressing on me, I have read it with unusual care and interest. Indeed, I have read and re-read it. I am sure you have found a curative agent of incalculable remedial and vitalizing owor and adapted to a wide range of diseases." Again, an old physician of New York says, in a letter to the author: "I have read with care your brochure, and many of the cases given and treated by the compound oxygen treatment and freely say, the testimony from so many persons of reputation and character, and your reasoning and facts, ought to influence the most incredulous." But theory is one thing and the facts and results which follow an attempt to reduce theory to practice, quite another. And here it is that the compound oxygen treatment asserts its claim to general confidence in an array of accomplished results, which are of a most remarkable character, and which might well be doubted were not the testimonials presented from so many well-known and eminent persons whose word the public cannot call in question. We feel that we are doing that large class in every community who are suffering from diseases of long standing, and who have so far found no relief from physicians, the best possible service in our power by recommending them to send for Dr. Starkey's treatise and give it a careful perusal. It is mailed free to all who write for it.

MAGAZINES.

The December magazines come richly freighted with their choicest collection of literary attractions, and each one is characterized by their usual features of excellence.

Scribner's contains contributions from four of the leading American novelists, an instalment of Mrs. Burnett's "Haworth," "The Great Deadwood Mystery," by Bret Harte, in his best satirical vein; additional chapters of "Falconberg," and a pathetic sketch by T. W. Higginson, entitled "The Irish Heart." The other articles are No. 4 of "Bird Architecture," which discusses the humming bird, with excellent illustrations. "He Playing She," by N. C.; "The National Bank Circulation," by W. G. Sumner; "My Look at the Queen," by Treadwell Walden; "Doria D'Istria," by Grace A. Ellis; "Caribou Hunting," by Charles C. Ward; "The Douglass Squirrel of California," by John Muir; "The Cliff Dwellers," by Emma C. Hardacre; "Art at the Paris Exposition," by D. M. A.; "Undergraduate Life at Oxford," by Ansley Wilcox; "Are Narrow Gauge Roads Economical?" by L. M. Johnson. The poetical contributions are "Song" and "Sleep," by L. Frank Tooker; "Dawn," "Eve," by H. H. "The Cricket," by Henry L. Cornwell, and "Through the Trees," by Anna K. Green; Topics of the Times, Culture and Progress, and Bric-a-Brac possess their usual attractions.

"St. Nicholas" for December will be hailed with more than usual delight, and shows an increase of eight extra pages and fifty exquisite illustrations, and promises even more in its Christmas number. The frontispiece illustrates a Scottish lassie in the cottage doorway waiting her father coming across the Highland Lake on his way home, described in a poem by the editor. There are a number of short stories, sketches and poems illustrated in the usual graphic style of St. Nicholas, among which is one by Mary Hallock Foote, on the "Children of a Mexican Mining Camp." "Mistletoe Gathering in Normandy." Lucretia P. Hale tells how the Peterkins studied languages and their droll mishaps. "Wild Becky's First School Experience," by Sol. Eytinge. A serial story of the usual charming style by Frank Stockton, entitled "A Jolly Fellowship," and several attractive little fairy stories.

From W. B. Zieber we have the latest number of the "Westminster Review," published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., of New York. The list of contents comprise many interesting articles on prominent topics! "The Australian Colonies," "The Later Novels of Berthold Auerbach," "The Attractions of Bulgarian Literature," "The Troubadours" giving a general account of Provencal literature; "Lord Melbourne's Political Career," "The Situation in the East and the Future of Russia," "India and the Colonial Empire," and an elaborate discussion of contemporary literature.

Appletons' Journal contains an interesting description by Randolph Percy of the method of silver plating with illustrations. "A German Town and Castle describing Heidelburg" by Edward Roberts. Ellen W. Olney contributes a story entitled "The High Steeple of St. Chrysostom," "Old New York," by C. R. Jones; "A Sketch of Gambetta," by George M. Towle; "Apartment Houses," by Charles Carrol; a sketch from the German of Auerbach, entitled "Carrying a Faint Brush," by Annie R. Irish; "Otsego Leaves," by Susan Fennimore Cooper; "A Floating City of the Atlantic," by Wm. H. Rideing; "Mrs. MacGregor," a story; by Mary E. Bradley; "The Greatest Man in the World," by C. H. Woodman. A poem by Sara Jewett, entitled "Unanswered," and "Imperfection," by Edgar Fawcett; "In the Dusk," by M. K. Boutelle. The Editor's Table has its usual miscellany. Appletons announce that hereafter illustrations will be excluded from their journal and the space will be devoted to literature of the highest standard of excellence, in which all subjects of interest will be introduced.

The first number of "Progress" is received; a new weekly journal edited and published by the veteran journalist of Philadelphia, Col. John W. Forney. It is a 20 page weekly, presenting a most attractive typographical appearance, and will be devoted to politics, science, art, travel, drama, poetry and choice miscellany, as well as fiction, which is represented by Justin McCarthy's new novel, entitled "Donna Quixote." The character and tone of the first issue, fully typifies the progressive spirit which, it is claimed, will be its prevailing one, and in keeping step with the progressive strides of time and events, it promises an interesting report of the prominent topics of the day. Under the guidance of its experienced editor it will without doubt attain popularity through its excellence.

"The Magazine of Art," for November, published by Cassel, Petter & Galpin, is replete with artistic attractions. Its frontispiece represents "Childhood in Eastern Life," from the picture by J. B. Burgess, in the Royal Academy Exhibition. Its opening chapters continue a description of "Artists' Haunts," in which Porlock is described, "The National Policy in Relation to Art as Applied to Manufactures," is discussed. An account is given of the exhibition of paintings on China, with illustrations. An interesting account of lace is given as the last paper written by the late Mrs. Bury Palliser, with illustrations. "A Chapter on Living Artists" takes up William C. T. Dobson, introducing his picture "Ligeia." "Modern Art in Florence," and some decorative subjects of the Paris Exposition are also discussed with illustrations.

"Lippincott" contains the closing chapters of "For Percival;" an interesting instalment of "Through Winding Ways;" Edward King pleasantly describes "Danubian Days," with many illustrations. Mr. C. Van Rensselaer tells of "Some Aspects of Contemporary Art." Prof. Crane touches upon Spanish literature in an account of "A Spanish Story Teller." A graphic account of the recent great earthquake in Venezuela is given by Isabella Anderson—a resident of that country. The machinery exhibit of the Paris Exposition is discussed by Edward H. Knight, with illustrations. "Sister Sylvia" is the title of a touching story. Among the poems is "Down in the City," by Charles De Kay. The "Monthly Gossip" is on interesting topics of the day.

"Arthur's Home Magazine," for December, contains in it some well-selected fashion cuts, while its literary selections and contributions are of the usual variety and interest.

"The Magazine of American History" has a portrait of La Fayette as its frontispiece, with a sketch of his visit to the United State. An article by Henry Osborn Taylor discusses the "Development of the Constitutional Government of the United States." "The Aborigines of the Housatonic Valley," is sketched by E. B. Corning, and an interesting account is given of New York in 1772. The general contents combine interest and instruction, and is a valuable compendium of its kind.

The play of "Fanchon, the Cricket," is familiar to the public, and the story from it was dramatized and written by George Sand, is now brought out in book form by Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bro., and is considered one of that famous author's best creations.

"Common Sense in Business," by Edwin F. Freedley, and published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, gives to the reader in its contents a thorough realization of all that its title implies, and contains a valuable supply of advice and suggestions on those principles and laws of business which lead to success, introducing farming, manufacturing, speculation, buying and selling merchandise, and suggestions on making wills, etc.

NEW MUSIC.

No. 2 of Smith's Musical Album is received and contains a choice collection of pieces vocal and instrumental, among which are many popular ones. Among the list of songs are "Hildebrand Montrose," "Katy's Letter," "Kiss Kiss," "Sweet and Low," "There's One that I Love Dearly," "Love's Request," "Swell with the Alpine Hat," "Sergeant Nibbs" and others. The instrumental list contains "I and I Polka," "Clover Leaf Waltz," "Titus March," etc. Published by White, Smith & Co., of Boston. Price 25 cents. Monthly. With a variety of choice selections, the folio for November has its usual interesting articles on topics connected with music, drama and art, and contains some choice collections of vocal and instrumental pieces. Among the latter is "Baby Mine," "Little Eva;" and the comic song, "Col. Blue, of Kalamazoo," a very good arrangement of "Nancy Lee," for the piano and several other pieces.

The "Olive Leaf" is the title of a collection of sacred songs compiled by the Rev. Wm. Hauser, M. D., and Benjamin Turner, of Wadley, Ga., and is intended for use in church as well as the home circle. The compiler has been assisted by all the most prominent hymn writers of the country, and has gathered in the collection the choicest selections of sacred songs, not only those familiar and dear to us, but many others which have been forgotten and lost sight of, so their reappearance will be gladly welcomed by all who use the book. Little notes are added to each page descriptive of the origin and authorship of the hymns and will be found very interesting. The opening chapters are devoted to the practical rudiments of music so simplified as to enable those uninstructed in music, to acquire a very complete knowledge of reading sacred music without a teacher. The book was printed and published by Mr. Kildare, of this city and is the best typographical specimen of its kind we have ever seen.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ARTHUR'S
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FOR 1879.

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VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,
so long a favorite with our readers, will commence a new Serial Story in the January number entitled "Lenox Dare; the Woman She Was." This will be followed by a Story by the author of "His Dear Little Wife," entitled "Tender and True."

ROSELLA RICE
will contribute a series of articles on Western Pioneer Life, under the title of "Fading Footprints; or, the Lowly Lives of Long Ago."

PIPSEY POTTS
under the title of "Our Neighborhood," is going to give a series of papers in her peculiar vein, which will be spicy and good, of course.

CHATTY BROOKS
will talk to our young lady readers in her easy, sensible, and pleasant way, under the title of "Wrinkles and Dimples; or, Myself and My Girls."

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SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 23, 1878.

A CERTAIN amount of opposition in this world is a great help to a man, for just as a kite rises against the wind, instead of with it, so man recieves an impetus from the barriers he pushes against. Much of true manhood and self-reliance springs from the soil of hardship; and progress is never made in a dead calm, but midst the winds and waves of opposing circumstances.

THE despotism exercised by fashion is forcibly illustrated by its elevating certain characteristics of beauty as the popular standard, while it lowers others; which it has recently done in exalting brunettes to the popularity so long held by blondes. The artistic skill called into requisition to produce the former popular tint will no doubt be diverted into this new channel.

CORNERS have always been popular; the chimney corner is endeared to the heart from the earliest to the latest hour of life. Then the corner of the cupboard, what stores of sweet things have emanated from its hidden recesses to make the little ones happy. 'Tis a corner in a woman's heart which will give control of the whole domain, while there is always a corner in a mother's heart kept for the erring child.

MANY people in associating leprosy among the traditional legends of the past, do not know that it has an existence now even in our midst, for it is said it has victims in some parts of Kentucky, and to an alarming extent in the Chinese quarters of San Francisco, and has also appeared in some parts of Spain. In the Sandwich Islands only is it treated as in biblical times, and the afflicted have a separate quarter to live in beyond which they never wander.

IT is not long since that several cases of arsenical poisoning were traced to the wearing of scarlet and blue stockings; then came an instance of poison traced to a highly colored hat lining. Now gloves have become the dangerous agent of poison. A London paper describes the poisonous effects of a pair of fashionable bronze-green silk gloves, while a German paper reports a case of curious poisoning by a pair of navy blue kid shoes. But these are isolated cases, and it does not follow that all such articles possess the same dangerous elements.

LITTLE things exert a wondrous and powerful influence in our lives; they are the last links in a long chain of effects, or the first in a long chain of causes, and it is often but the little trifle which is necessary to complete the chain of circumstances which would place success within one's grasp. They test a man's character every hour in the day, and determine the course of one's existence for good or evil, for brilliant or obscure, just as the slight jutting and curving here and there of a river's bank imperceptibly regulates its course, as it becomes a tiny sluggish stream or a wide useful expanse of water.

AN estimate of the comparative proportion of tea, coffee, and sugar yearly used by different countries shows some curious facts. Great Britain uses forty pounds of sugar to the person in a year; France and Holland each twenty, although the former is the land of sweet confections; Italy only seven; while California alone uses sixty pounds, and the Atlantic States twenty-five. Coffee is sold to the extent of one pound to each person in Great Britain and Italy; only three in France; seven in Holland; ten in California, and seven in the other States. Tea averages six pounds to each person in California, the other States average two pounds, the English four, and the French and Italians less than a quarter of a pound; these latter, however, regard tea more as a medicinal drink than as the "cup that cheers;" and the excess in the amount used in California of all these staple articles is one of the features of extravagance so visible in their living, in which use and abuse, or waste, are closely allied.

MUSIC AND SONG.

There is no influence which tends to bring the human heart nearer to God, than that which works through the channels o sweet sacred songs and music, and even Luther considered it the only art which could calm the agitations of the soul, and it wields this potent influence not only in the Church, but in the home circle. Good church music with its sacred songs, always tends to arouse a strong devotional feeling in one's mind, and prepares the foundation for the seeds of good words to be planted therein; while in the family circle, the cultivation of sacred music and singing create those pure and holy sentiments which help to guide one toward the nobler paths of life, and strengthens the ties which binds the heart and home interests together.

Who is there whose childhood is not called up a thousand times by music, above all some little hymn which is frequently associated with one's childhood days. They are sometimes the first notes of song ever sung, and they leave the seed of something holy in one's nature which is never lost, although the after life is plunged in sin.

Every one is more or less susceptible to the influence of music, especially good sacred music whether it be "the pealing anthem which swells the notes of praise" or sweetly attuned voices singing in pleasant harmony, and no matter how dormant or blunted the susceptibilities have become, there is always a key-note left in the innermost recesses of one's nature, which will some time give a responsive echo to the sounds of a sweet sacred song or music, when memory brings back from the long-forgotten past the faintly sounding notes of a song familiar to childhood when the lips and heart were as pure as the song, and a mother's voice was perhaps blended with one's own.

It is this awakening influence of music on the soul which has made many a barren wilderness of human nature blossom as the rose, with purer and holier impulses of life. The great Napoleon said that music, of all the liberal arts, has the greatest influence over the passions, and is that to which the legislator ought to give the greatest encouragement. It is a discipline and mistress of order and good manners, it makes the people milder and gentler, more moral and reasonable.

It is the power of song which has ever kindled the fire of patriotism, strengthened the weak hearted and urged on the brave, and if these songs live in our hearts, how much more should we cling to the singing of those sweet sacred songs which inspire us with power to conquer our sins. The most gifted eloquence of sermon and intense fervor of prayer will sometimes fall on unheeding ears and wandering thoughts but when the soul-stirring tones of music or song are heard, and music sounds its sweetest, truth flows the clearest in one's mind.

Song or music will lighten the heaviest task and brighten the most colorless path and "soothes the restless pulse of care," so we should cultivate it even in its simplest forms, as being one of the best teachers of the soul. For as Shakspeare says, "The man that hath no music in himself, nor is moved by a concord of sweet sounds; is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

SANCTUM CHAT.

CHRONICLES from abroad state that a fancy for marrying American girls has seized the English and other nobility, but it is a question whether that fancy is not fed more on the sweets of fortune than those of love.

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IT is said that scarcely a tramp is to be seen in New Hampshire, which is a substantial proof of the efficacy of their rigid Tramp Law recently passed, and which should inspire other States to end their tramp troubles by the same efficacious means.

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THE rage for exhibitions which has extended to Central Asia, is being equalled by the rage for memorials, for they are being erected at home and abroad with a liberal hand; but, while they are frequently prompted by private or individual feeling, as works of art they are a public boon.

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FRENCH women originated the practice of buying the cheap jewelry so much in vogue now, but they choose it as they do their well cut inexpensive dresses—with a view of throwing them aside when out of date; and it is exercising this nice discrimination that concedes to them the reputation of always being tastefully and fashionably dressed.

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IT should be very gratifying to all Americans that in the French Exhibition the aggregate of awards to American exhibitors was larger in proportion than to any other nation represented there, which is a high tribute and recognition of American progress in her fields of industry, from the fact of its competing on foreign shores with foreign elements.

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THAT man's life is full of strange fluctuations of fortune, and contradictions of those talents which lead to success or failure in his career, is strangely illustrated by an ex-professor of ancient languages and applied sciences at the University of Virginia, who speaks Latin and Greek and understands Sanscrit, but who is peddling apples in the streets of a Southern town.

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THE Medical Inspector of the Navy, in his report of a plan for the better ventilation of vessels, attributes the humidity and unhealthiness of the atmosphere on shipboard to the daily water-soaking routine to which the decks are subjected in holystoning. But while cleanliness is considered next to godliness, in this case it has proven such a subtle foe to man's health, there will no doubt be some departures taken from the old rules.

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THE rage for bicycling and tricycling in England is greater than ever, and marvellous perfection has been attained in their manufacture, combining great strength and extreme lightness. They have become such a fascinating and exhilarating means of exercise and locomotion that prominent ladies abroad have taken to them; doctors make their visits on them, and tradesmen circulate their goods by them. Our own country districts offer many advantages for the introduction of these vehicles of locomotion, by which one can enjoy the pleasures of riding without the attendant expense of horse, etc.

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IT has often proved rather difficult for persons who live far from the grand centres of fashion to fully carry out the designs and styles in vogue by mere descriptive suggestions, and a French modiste has introduced a plan by which these difficulties are obviated a plan which would be extremely convenient to many if introduced here. An Italian princess who is about to be married had her trousseau made in Paris. In order to let her know how to wear her dresses and what to wear under them, the dressmaker has sent with each toilet a little doll attired from head to foot exactly as the lady herself should be dressed; shoes, stockings, skirts, headdress, gloves, and every detail being reproduced in the costume of the doll.

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ALTHOUGH the much dreaded disease, diphtheria, has been more conspicuous in its frightful ravages in various districts during the past few years, frequently baffling medical skill, its origin is far from recent date, for it originated in Egypt more than two thousand years ago. It prevailed in that country and Asia Minor, and was called Egyptian or Syriac disease. It invaded Europe by first appearing in Rome in 330 A. D., and was considered akin to the plague; and from that time to the present has been at times epidemic in all the European countries, and more recently in this, where it has lately been brought more under medical control.

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IT scarcely accords with the progressive spirit of modern times to hear of a New England village going backward instead of keeping up and onward with "the march of time," but the town of West Hampton, Mass., although recently celebrating its centennial in its one church, has during the last fifty years slowly declined in its population. Fifty years ago, when life and its accessories were comparatively primitive, its population was 800, and now it is but 500; but this strange contradiction to the course of events elsewhere can be partly attributed to the absence of railroads, manufacturing, and other advancing interests.

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CO-OPERATIVE associations have been introduced into this country with more or less success, but there are many problems connected with them which have yet to be solved before their success is firmly established, the secret of which seems to be known by those who have introduced them into Germany, where they have made a steady progress during the past year, in the face of general business stagnation. Their number has reached three thousand, with more than one million members, and the busines transacted exceeded $600,000,000, and their capital in stock, buildings, and cash resources is estimated at $40,000,000.

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HUMAN ingenuity is constantly seeking fresh fields for operation, and among the latest is the reduction of the process of heating buildings to the same principles or system as that which supplies them with light. It is intended to do away with the separate appurtenances of heat in houses by supplying them with a uniform heat furnished by street pipes and mains. It is claimed by the inventor that a house a mile distant from the point of distribution can be heated in the coldest weather as readily as those near, and an area of four square miles can be heated by one apparatus. While the invention may meet with a certain success, and be advantageous in certain districts, one cannot but deplore the gradual banishment from modern homes of those sources of heat which were as comforting to the eye as the body. And while heat can successfully dissolve its genial warmth through invisible channels, it lacks much of its comforting and pleasing effects by that invisibility; and it is sad to think that the time-honored fireside, which used to be a sacred post in all homes, and its suggestive associations, are slowly giving way to the black cheerless hole in the wall, or cumbersome coil of pipes which represent the modern appliances of household warmth in our great cities.

BILL POSTING.—Persons who give a careless glance at a huge circus or theatrical poster do not think of the extent of the business of bill-posting. Yet in New York alone one firm does an annual business of $80,000 a year, while the National Association of bill posters include 2,000 members, representing a capital of over $1,500,000. Bill-posting has grown to its present dimensions chiefly within the past twenty years, until now thousands of dollars are paid by firms in this and other cities for the rental of dead walls, fences, and other conspicuous places.

BY THE ACRE.—It is recorded that a gentleman residing in one of the large towns of England, whose face exceeded the ordinary dimensions, was waited on by a barber every day for twenty-one years without coming to a settlement. The barber thinking "it about time to settle," presented his bill, in which he charged two cents a day—amounting in all to $150. The gentleman, supposing too much charged, refused to pay the amount, but agreed to a proposal of the barber to pay at the rate of $1000 an acre. The premises of his jaws were accordingly measured, and the result was that the shaving bill was increased to over $350.

CHINESE AMUSEMENTS.

If the character of a people is to be judged of by the amusements to which it is in the habit of devoting itself, that of the Chinese must be estimated at but a low and childish valuation at the best.

Let the reader imagine himself approaching a Chinese village on a summer's evening, when, labor over for the day, man and beast are enjoying their well-earned repose. The scene is rural and peaceful to a degree. At doors, outside windows, and on every convenient perch, lounge men, women, and children, some with tobacco pipe in mouth, others with rice bowl and chopsticks in hand, preferring the balmy evening air to the close confinement of their small abodes. Cattle, pigs, dogs, and goats wander about, and poultry, and even birds, pick here and there, emboldened to confidence and familiarity by the gentle and kindly treatment which is uniformly their due. The first open space encountered will probably be the threshing-floor, which is common to the entire community, and is the spot where all disputes are canvassed, scandal talked, and gatherings held. Here may be seen different squads of children at their play, whilst their elders are busy chatting, or looking on at the fun.

Look at that bright-eyed, active little fellow amusing himself with a ball of worsted, twisted so tightly as to be elastic. He does not throw it to another boy for a catch, neither does he take up a bat to hit it with. Catches and bats are things unknown to the tiny Celestial. But he strikes it as it bounds off the floor with the palm of his hand, the trick being to score as many bounds as he can possibly accomplish without letting the ball drop. If he can manage to turn round sharply on his heel, whilst the ball is on the bound, and catch it again as he faces it, so much the more clever. When he misses the ball, the next boy takes it up, and so on until they have all have had a turn. Hard by see another group of boys, one of whom is kicking a round piece of tile, about the size of a silver dollar, whilst hopping on one leg. Approach closer, and it will be observed that the floor is chalked out into compartments, which marvellously resemble, if not precisely reproduce, the complex diagrams through which the reader may in his own youth have kicked an oyster-shell at "hop scotch." The rules of the game oddly enough will be found to mimic those of its representative with us; and the conjecture will suggest itself, whether, after all, the Chinese is not the original game, and ours only a copy therefrom.

Proceed a little farther, and two boys will be seen with a small bit of stick tapered to a point at one end, with a longer stick in the player's hand. The smaller stick is placed on the edge of a step or bench with one end overhanging, and, the projecting edge being struck, up goes the little stick into the air, when it is hit with the longer stick and sent flying. The observer will here, perhaps, rub his eyes, as a dreamy reminiscence comes back to him of a game he had used to play at school called "tip-cat," "catty," or "peggy," but now to a great extent extinct.

There again are some boys busy with copper coins and a house-tile. They slant the tile against a step or stone, and each boy proceeds to strike it with his coin on edge, which makes the coin roll sharply away some ten or twenty feet. When all have so discharged their coins, the game is to pitch one coin from the spot to which it has rolled on to the next nearest coin, and he who is lucky enough to strike his opponent's coin pockets its value. This is a very favorite game with Chinese children, but leads to much cheating on the part of the stronger boys.

Looking on at these several games, observe a couple of children with live grasshoppers attached to bits of thread, on which the unfortunate creatures are swung about with most ruthless disregard of the torture to which they are being subjected. This atrocious habit of giving live insects to children to play with, and not unfrequently depriving them of legs or wings in order to prevent their escape, is unfortunately only too common amongst the Chinese, and no doubt tends to lay the foundation for that small value attached to human life, and cruelty of disposition, which are amongst the worst traits of the Chinese character.

The children so seen to be disporting themselves will probably range in age from six to twelve years, and all of them will probably be found to be boys. Girls do not appear to play at all. One never sees in China the ring of merry rosy girls which so often adorns our cities and villages, busy with pose in the corner, hunt the slipper, or a hundred other childish pastimes. Probably the seclusion in which the sex is more or less kept, and the custom of bandaging the female feet from infancy, have much to do with this curious result. The girls, nevertheless, do not altogether hide their charms under a bushel, as anyone can testify who has passed through a Chinese village, and seen doors crowded with bright-eyed, giggling damsels, eager to see the passing stranger, but shy at being themselves observed.

The brief list of games just described, nearly, if not quite, exhausts the category of a Chinese boy's amusements, excepting, of course, theatricals, kites, shuttlecock, and other recreations, which boys share in with the men, and of which more anon. As will be seen, they all partake of that quiet, childish character to which the more manly American youth would scarcely care to confine himself. Any pastime involving active, physical exertion, seems quite foreign to the Chinese boy's idea of fun; of foot-ball, baseball, prisoner's base and such like games he never dreams; and he cannot even run, jump, box, wrestle, swim, climb, throw stones, fish, shoot, ride, or drive, or would be care to try.

The pastimes of the men are equally limited in variety and puerile in character with those in which the children indulge. Kite-flying is a particularly favorite amusement with all the grown-up men in all the provinces, and they carry the art to a perfection of detail and finish to which we are entire strangers. There is no shape which the Chinese kite does not take, nor is there any bird, beast, or insect which their eccentric ideas of kite-flying will not induce them to copy for indulgence in this pursuit. The prettiest and most effective kite is that constructed to represent the centipede, and it is marvellous how true to nature the image moves as it floats suspended in mid-air, making a train of from forty to fifty feet in length. Hawks, too, are copied with great success, the color and shape of the bird being faithfully reproduced, and its sharp and swift swoops shown in life-like style. Frequently a number of hawk-kites are flown from the same string, and are made to wheel about round and round one another, precisely as hawks may be seen to do on any windy day. The writer once saw a kite made to represent a steamer, the sails set and paddle-wheels revolving in the most clever manner possible.

Another favorite amusement of the men is the keeping of birds, which they carry out with them to promenades, tea gardens, or other places of public resort, simply for the pleasure of hearing the pretty creatures sing one against the other. Thrushes and larks are principally reared for this purpose, and are often valued by their owners at fabulous prices, which they will not always accept when offered. The cages too are masterpieces of art, and men may be seen carrying bird and cage together costing together from fifty to a hundred dollars, which represents to most Chinamen a considerable sum. Not unfrequently quails are carried about for fighting purposes, but these are carefully concealed in handsomely embroidered satin bags suspended to the girdle, a mode of conveyance which does appear to affect the bird's life or liveliness in the slightest degree. Crickets are also kept with the same object in many parts, but the pursuit is not considered respectable.

In the south of China, shuttlecock is a very favorite game with the men, but played with the feet, not with the hands. A ring is formed of from four to six players, and the shuttlecock being first thrown up within the circle, it is kept up by striking it with the inner side of the thick felt sole of the shoe, which acts as a most effective bat. A proficient at the game will often turn his back on the descending shuttlecock and strike it with either the outer edge of the sole or the flat sole itself, and it is wonderful how successful they are in keeping up the round without letting the shuttlecock fall.

Chess, draughts, and cards, or rather assimilations to these games, as known to us, are not uncommon in China, the last more especially. In their chess, the pieces possess, as in ours, various values and powers, and there are the same elements of military organization and antagonism which characterize the game as derived by us from Eastern sources; but the contending parties are curiously enough divided by a blank space or river, which only certain of the pieces have the power of crossing, and the whole game falls far short of ours in the strategy and beauty of its combinations. Their checkers, on the other hand, is a much more complicated game than the European one, and quite beyond illustration in a brief summary such as this is. The Chinese may be said to play at cards, because they have a game in which pieces of pasteboard, impressed with certain devices, and bearing various values, are used, and in which money is hazarded; but beyond this there is no analogy with the art as practiced amongst us; and it may be doubted whether the tokens themselves are capable of a tithe of the numerous and wonderful adaptations which can be worked out of our pack of cards. Card-playing, moreover, is not universal amongst all the grades of Chinese society, but is chiefly confined to the poorer and laboring classes, and being invariably accompanied by money stakes, it is not regarded as a reputable pastime.

Dominoes are indigenous to China. The game is played on much the same principles, but the dots are carried up to double nines.

The Chinese are very partial to theatricals, but the stage is a very different institution with them to what it is here. Such a thing as a theatre, that is a permanent building devoted to histrionic displays, is quite unknown in China, the stage being regarded as disreputable in the last degree, and even prohibited by statute. Women are not allowed to act, boys being brought up to personate them, and men professionals are looked upon as so degraded that they are placed without the pale of the law, and rendered incapable of filling office or entering for the literary examinations. The poorest villager would not tolerate the marriage of his daughter to a player. Yet theatricals are a rage, and to satisfy the public appetite, troops of strolling players go about the country performing wherever they are wanted, either in temples or on temporary stages erected for the occasion. Every temple has a stage ready provided in the principal court as a main feature in its architectural construction, and there is seldom a festival held but that theatricals form an important part of the programme. No charge is made to the public for the show, and it goes on without intermission all day and through a greater part of the night for several days together, the spectators coming and going as they list. Sometimes a city magistrate or other high official gives an entertainment of the kind to a party of friends, the feasting going on in front of an improvised stage, whilst the mob pass in and out at their leisure. The pieces acted are mostly historical, the representations being generally of an extravaganza character, embellished by gorgeous costumes, and supported by the most frightful din in the way of music that can be conceived. Military displays and battles form a favorite subject of representation, and it is remarkable how successfully these are put on the stage, taking into consideration the limited means and confined space at disposal. The assertion that a permanent theatre is an institution unknown to the Chinese needs to be qualified as regards the ports open to foreign trade. In the settlements at some of these places certain foreigners have availed themselves of their own freedom under treaty from the action of Chinese law, and the known partiality of the natives for theatrical displays, to establish permanent theatres upon the foreign system, and the speculation has not been without its success; but the native authorities complain of the demoralizing effect of the innovation.

The Chinese, although essentially a gregarious people, fond of gossip, and always on the alert, like the Athenians of old, "to tell or hear some new thing," seem to derive little or no pleasure from social intercourse. Dinner parties, balls (they don't dance), soirees, and such like opportunities for the interchange of kindliness and sentiment, which amongst us serve to keep society alive, are practically unknown to them, and "the season" is a term which could not well find an equivalent in their language. This is, no doubt, to be attributed to the seclusion in which their women are kept, it being considered indecorous for a female to show herself prominently outside of her own home.

Although society in China can have no existence, owing to the lack of that life and spirit which, in our more favored countries, are imparted to it by the presence of the female element, yet the men are companionable enough, and are not without resources in the society of their own sex. The members of the official class are not supposed to venture abroad when in office, but they nevertheless meet at each other's residences, and amuse themselves with conversation, reading, composing, chess, draughts, and such-like harmless pursuits. Less responsible persons resort to temples, tea-houses, gardens, and other public places, where they drink tea, gossip, fly kites, exhibit singing birds, and talk over the latest bit of news.

Old Boots and Scraps of Leather.

Flinging old slippers after a newly-wedded couple, whatever its original signification, acquires a new meaning in these days, when nothing is wasted which science and art are capable of utilising. Long time ago these well-worns "salutations" may have meant "Your old friends won't forsake you," but now the custom may express the more prosaic and utilitarian advice "Waste nothing, sell it when past use." Everybody has heard some wag saying to a friend with a greasy cap, "It would make good soup;" but it has been reserved for modern chemistry to produce a veritable jelly from an old boot. That feat was accomplished by a gentleman in New York some years ago. It was not quite so white as blanc-mange, nor so sweet; but it is by no means impossible that within a few years "boot-jelly" may be as popular a dish at our restaurants as frogs are in France.

Only a few years ago old boots were beneath the notice of the rag gatherer, but now they are eagerly bought up by the itinerant merchant whose watchword is "Old clo," and whose aim in life seems to be to give the least for the refuse he buys. In many cities both here and abroad, hundreds of artists—whose basket of tools may consist of only a knife and a few irons, and whose stock in trade is some blacking and a box of gutta-percha glue make the useless wearable. There they sit in dark, dirty cellars or little shops, hammering, pegging, paring, while in front of their establishments are rows of boots, shoes and slippers highly polished, and looking very serviceable. Large boots worn to the uppers are stripped of their soles, the uppers cut down so as to get rid of the bad places, and fitted anew with virgin soles; holes are patched up with gutta-percha; and, after a few touches of blacking and a short application of the "iron," they stand forth as marketable commodities, and are eagerly bought by many.

But even when the old boots are too far gone for those skilled artists, they are never thrown away. Few uppers are so bad but some inch or two may be cut out for a prospective patch; and no sole is so utterly depraved as to be unfit for tearing to pieces, ultimately to assume a new guise, and, like the ugly chrysalis, be transformed into a thing of beauty.

Formerly shoemakers in a small way, and even large manufacturers did not know what to do with the scraps of leather pared off soles in fitting them to boots, or leather cuttings wasted in dividing hides. The only use indeed of which they dreamt they were capable, was that the product of the summer operations should help to keep the workmen warm in winter. Hence what scraps were made were usually burnt in the work-room stove. That was a pure waste of a very useful substance, and modern chemistry led them to utilize it. It is true that leather ashes were sold to farmers for manure by large manufacturers, but the tannic acid that remained was soon found to be injurious to the crops, and hence that market was speedily closed.

Most people know what printers' rollers are like. These are manufactured from scraps of leather, which are first dissolved and mixed with about four per cent. of glycerine. This compound retains its elastic softness for a considerable time, and when it becomes too uneven in surface to be of further use, may be re-melted and moulded into fresh rollers.

Printing rollers used by calico and cotton printers are made out of the upper leather of old boots. The worn-out material is first of all shred into very small pieces, then boiled in tartaric acid, and while in the soft state pressed with the pattern from matrix blocks, and allowed to harden, which it does in a few days. It presents then a very even surface, and, as it is a non-absorbent is found invaluable in the trade.

Most people imagine that gum shoes are made of caoutchouc, but this is a mistake. There is, in fact, not more than from ten to fifteen per cent. of caoutchouc in the material, which has been immersed for three or four hours in about one-fourth its weight of bisulphate of carbon, when it combines readily with the gelatined scraps of leather, that have previously been dissolved at a low heat with a certain proportion of vinegar, glycerine, rape oil, and a little water. The prepared leather and caoutchouc having been thoroughly mixed, the mass is placed between steam rollers and reduced to a slab of the required thickness. This substance is more impenetrable than either leather or caoutchouc, and is used for many other things besides gums, waterproof leggings for fishermen and uppers for sea-boots being examples.

Glue making used to be a very tedious and costly process; but since the decomposition of leather has been simplified better glue is quickly got, and at much less expense. Old boot soles are equally useful with new leather for glue making, and most of our worn-out "understandings" are eventually transformed into this article of commerce.

Now-a-days, indeed, nobody can be sure that he really gets a single piece of leather put on his boots when he sends them to be repaired. When the cuttings and scraps are large enough for the purpose, they are cut by machinery into diamonds, triangles, squares and other mathematical figures with bevelled edges. These pieces are then fitted closely together, a strong cement is now poured into the interstices, and the sheet being subjected to heavy hydraulic pressure the small pieces are made to adhere so closely as to present the appearance of uniformity. Or, to make assurance doubly sure, a very thin veneer of split leather no thicker than brown paper is pasted over the face, and the material goes into the market.

No shoemaker is now foolish enough to cut up good leather for "heel lifts"—as toe layers for lifting boot heels are called. They are now made from scraps. The scraps are first torn to shreds and then torn to powder. A layer of this stuff is first put into a mould covered with cement or paste, another and another layer of leather and cement is added till the required thickness is attained, pressure being applied as each layer of paste is covered with a sprinkling of leather, and finally the whole is put into the hydraulic press, and afterwards trimmed to the required shape.

Several firms here and in England and in Germany are, however, employed in making new leather out of old, or scraps out of new. The old is quite as good for the purpose as new, after being cleaned: The bits of real leather are simply ground and reduced to a pulp in the ordinary way. The pulp is mixed with india rubber dissolved in spirits and treated with ammonia, which makes it a grey-white color. The whole is then rolled into sheets of any length or breadth—it may be narrow enough for belting, or wider than an ordinary cowhide. It is said that this substance has all the appearance of leather, but that it wears much better, does not yield to hammering, is flexible, and impervious to water. Pump-leather, harness of all kinds, leather belting without the expense of joining more than once, or the annoyance consequent upon the joints parting, are made from it; and when in the condition of dough it may be doubled into hose, fire buckets; or mixed with curriers' shavings, cork, and other substances; rolled out into floor coverings.

Some years ago a method was invented for making parchment from the parings of raw hides treated with an alkaline solution, and answering to all the demands made upon it. This artificial production was perfect as regards color, smoothness of surface and strength; but it was superseded by the discovery of the conversion of thick unsized paper by sulphuric acid into a vegetable parchment at much less cost.

Perhaps the most ingenious use to which scraps of old leather have been adapted is the following, a process so far perfectly successful:—The old soles of boots are torn up in the usual way, cleaned, and reduced to pulp. This is mixed with equal quantities of old bagging and waste paper and cast in moulds. When dry it is very hard and solid and is used to fill into the tires of railway wheels. It is said to be a great improvement upon wood, which was formerly used, and is neither so heavy nor so liable to crack by drought, or lose its shape, and endanger the safety of cars.

These are a few of the uses of old boots and scrap leather; but the manifold industries which have been created are still in their infancy, and there seems to be no limit to the varied uses which the manufactured products may be applied; but perhaps enough has been said to show what has already been done, to account for the desire of a class of itinerants to buy old boots.

Everything useful or necessary is cheapest; walking is the most healthful exercise, water the best drink, and plain food the most nourishing and healthy diet—even in knowledge, the most useful is easiest acquired.

Who lets one sit on his shoulders shall have him presently sit on his head. We come by the road of by-and-by to the house of never. The cock wears spurs yet is no horseman for all that. Alms are the salt of riches.

Many who find the day too long, think life too short; but short as life is, some find it long enough to outlive their characters, their constitutions and their estates.

AN OLD LETTER.

BY PAUL PASTNOR.

Faded and frail,—a poor, dim-written page,
Frayed and crumpled, worn with grief and age,
Yet o'er its trembling lines of love and pain,
Angels might draw their flaming pens in vain!

And yet love's heart is not all written there,
These little symbols are a splendid stair,
Whereon my spirit's feet essay to climb
Up to a realm of import more sublime.

Lo! here, within the centre of the page,
Blind Love let fall his bitter, crystal gauge,
And in the gall and sweetness of despair,
I stooped to kiss the silent sorrow there.

For all the lore of all the golden years,
Think you I'd give that fragment blushed with tears?
Nay! were there left but room for that poor stain,
No mound of gold could buy it back again!

To days of hope and bliss a sad farewell;
Joy's firm, free lines my spirit may not spell,
But o'er some tattered page of bygone years
Falls fast asleep with finger on the tears!

SYLVIA;

—OR—

The Fernley Pride.

CHAPTER XVIII—[CONTINUED.]

He was absent quite ten minutes, and returned, laughing and out of breath, and threw himself down upon the window-seat by me. During his absence I had proposed to Jessa to leave the house and wade through the water till clear of it higher up the country, but she was in an agony of fear that I should catch cold and bring back the fever. She appealed to him to settle our dispute.

"It would be simply madness to run the risk," he decided. "There's not a single house within two miles of this. But do not fear. I've secured a retreat in case we get tired of our perch by the morning."

"Where have you been?" I asked eagerly.

"Only round the garden," he laughed. "It was such fun—the water was up to my knees. I've got the boat which is generally moored at the bottom of the steps, but I don't want to use it till there's enough daylight to see our course down to Everham again."

If I had not sufficiently considered it before, the difficulty of our position fully presented itself now. I threw myself back and covered my face with my hands.

"Dear Mrs. Fernley, are you frightened? Indeed there's no cause," he said, drawing close to me and speaking eagerly.

"I am frightened—dreadfully frightened," I said, removing my hands and looking at him. "What shall I say to Denis? How can I face him again?"

He changed color, and began to walk hurriedly up and down the room. We were alone. Jessa had betaken herself to the next room thoroughly frightened. Through the closed door we could hear her frantic supplications to the saints.

"You will be back before he gets home."

"Who can tell that? And, if I am, how can I prevent his hearing that the whole house have been alarmed through my absence?"

"He will listen to reason," he said, setting down his foot impatiently and pacing before me.

"Surely you know him. He has been angry without cause. Heaven only knows what will follow this! Oh, do try to get me home to night! I know I alone am to blame. If my mother had telegraphed to stop my coming, it would have been too late—we had started."

"I should be surprised to hear that she thought of anything but her own fears," he said contemptuously; and, on seeing my surprise, he sat down by me again. "Sylvia," he went on earnestly, "before we discuss possibilities, let me say one thing. You promised to confide in me, and I hope you mean to do so, for I have already been told things by Mrs. Crawford which seem so incredible that I must have them verified by you."

An indescribable feeling of indignation came over me that she should have discussed my private affairs with him.

"She said more than she ought," he went on in a low tone, without looking at me; "and, though I hurt you, I must say that you would not be happy if you were much in her company. She is not true."

"Not true!" I faltered.

"I call her false, selfish, and intensely vain. Sometimes I can hardly credit the fact that she is your mother. Her brother is no better. In fact, the only one worth anything—forgive me—is the girl Gilbert. She is honest, the pert little puss; but she's not down here at present. Leave them alone—they will meddle with your life only to mar it. Denis's instinct was right there, at least."

These were terrible words to me. I knew the speaker to be honest, quick, and penetrating, a cool observer not specially interested in results; he confirmed the worst that had been said against my mother.

"Then there's no one left!" I cried despairingly, and the world seemed an arid desert to me. Husband estranged, mother unworthy, who was to be trusted now? Suppose I seized the opportunity and broke away from them both.

"Tell Denis you will give her up," said my companion, looking at me fixedly. "That will blot out this escapade, and make him glad to set you back in your former position."

I sprang up, trembling all over; hot blushes dyed my face.

"Which former position, sir? The position I had taken when we were married, or since he discovered that my mother lived?"

I moved away and paced the floor, the blood throbbing wildly in every vein within me. At last I paused, and something stronger than my will forced out the words:

"I have lost Denis's love for ever! He only suffers my presence. His jealousy, as you call it, means that he dreads my disgracing him. Never has a woman been treated as I have been by your cousin. I have had the life of a slave for the last two months—followed, dogged, suspected, till my blood seems changed to fire within me—and it is before such a man that I have to appear and answer for this day's folly and mistakes. I tried once to hate him—you frustrated it. To-day, by chance, I got a few hours' freedom. I came to throw myself into my mother's arms to consult about leaving him. I find her place vacant—and you say she is better unsought. Be it so—my mind is made up. I will not again endure the false life at Beechwood now that I am free from it. I rely on you as a gentleman to help me from this place and conceal from your kinsman what you know of my intention till I make it known myself."

"If I have heard you aright, your mother has told the truth on one point. And you have decided to leave Denis—decided? Think!"

"I do—I have. Through two years of sick longing I have sought to overcome his hardness; through these last bitter months I have borne with insult and cruelty. Oh, Heavens, they have been bitter! But they are past—they are past now. This flood has changed everything. What treatment could be worse than that I have received? And yet I know worse would be mine if I went back now. I cannot bear it!"

In my passion I had not noticed anything unusual in Towerscourt's manner, save that his head was turned away and his voice very low. As I ceased speaking, the hysterical agony of tears convulsed me, and I fell upon my knees by the window-seat.

When I found him kneeling beside me, when I knew that his arms were clasped round me and that he was drawing my head on to his shoulder with trembling haste, I thought no evil. I was beyond any feeling but the torture of the moment, and a half-dim sense that he was sorry for me as a brother might have been.

I might have suffered his condolence much longer had he not spoken warmly, passionately, close to my ear, telling me that he loved me, asking me to fly with him.

I freed myself, and with my hand upon my breast, stood looking at him. He changed from red to white, and then to red again; then a slow marble pallor spread and stayed; his head drooped a little, his dilated eyes were fixed. There was a long silence; then I moved towards the door. He stood before it.

"Let me pass!" I said sternly.

"When will you forget my madness?" he cried.

"When you forgive yourself for betraying confidence and insulting a helpless creature in her deepest despair."

"I take Heaven to witness," he said, "that it was impremeditated. Ever since we first met I've fought hard against it. No, you shall not leave me yet! I have heard your voice; you are a breathing, living woman, not a goddess, for your scorn has not slain, and a woman may forgive!"

"Not such a woman as I. I cannot think you design to insult me further, so I must remind you that your very presence is an insult now and for the future."

He moved away, and then back again, violently agitated.

"Not such a look, for mercy's sake! No human being has ever looked at me as you are looking. Pierce me with reproaches—sigh, weep—say how false I've been to Denis—say what green folly it was to think you would listen—tell me my real longing sympathy was self seeking, the agony I feel now only baffled desire, anything rather than such a look!" He stopped and stamped his foot upon the floor. "It's a cursed fate which has driven me to this; a dozen times I've been tempted and conquered; but how is it possible to see a rare flower cast in the dust and not stoop for it? I've seen you lonely, deserted—your great capacity for affection wasted—yet I respected you, and never spoke, though nature made me an impulsive man. Then I heard all, and no longer respected Denis—yet I wilfully kept away from you. Only yesterday I determined to leave England and see you no more till I was cured or you were happy; but the plan was frustrated, and the sight of your misery unmanned me. I have not spoken of my torture in seeing the girl I loved despised, ill-used. No one can tell what that has been to me."

"You deceived me the first. Where is the Edith you spoke of?"

"That was partly true. I was engaged once to her—one of those senseless obligations one gets into now and then; and afterwards I was sorry to find her unhappy. But my motive for leading you to believe that I was in love was a pure one. I swear I am no practised libertine. Insensate fool that I was! When I perceived the want of harmony between you and Denis, I hoped by gaining your confidence to reconcile you both. Nothing actuated me then but friendly interest in you, or so I thought, believing that honor would have held me from thinking of my cousin's wife."

He paused; then, looking at me imploringly, moved from the door. If he had spoken another word, I might have passed him in silence; but that mute beseeching was more eloquent than words. I took a few steps and relented.

"I am sure you will find it harder to forgive yourself than I shall," I said, and then with a sudden impulse held out my hand.

He caught it, half lifted it to his lips, and then stopped and looked into my eyes.

"Noble woman!" he said brokenly. "In spite of all, I bless the day on which I met you."

In another instant we should have been apart; but that instant was not allowed us. With a crash the door was burst open; we turned, and saw my husband in the room.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Denis! Good Heaven, Denis!"

I heard my own cry; Jessa came flying from the next room, and added her shrieks—there was a spring, a foul word, a blow, then oaths, blows, stamping and staggering feet, the room shaken beneath them, the windows rattling, and two men grappled and fought as if bent on murder. Twice I rushed between them, and twice was pushed away as easily as if a feather had touched them—a blow fell upon my face. Driven frantic at the horrible struggle, I flung open the window, and would have cast myself out, but Jessa's shrieks for help attracted Towerscourt and my husband's notice, and before I could tear away her clutching hands I was dragged from the window, hurled into a corner, the sash slammed down, and no sound was heard in the room, which a minute before was so full of noise, but hard panting breath.

Jessa crept close to me, and put her weak arm beneath my head—my breathing was labored—her strained eyes fastened on the two men. And what a sight they presented!

Drenched with water, which still dripped slowly from him, mud-splashed, his dress torn, hair disarranged, and beard bristling, his ashen-gray face sharp and haggard, his great eyes glaring with a fierce light, Denis stood and looked at his cousin. The latter had fallen and been injured; he stood erect now, but blood trickled from his forehead, and his right arm hung down limp—yet his look was as undaunted as the other's.

"Traitor—Judas! So you smile and betray! I thought I might have trusted even you, girl, with one of my own blood."

"As Heaven is above us, I swear your wife is spotless!"

"My wife—my wife, sir, has inherited a corrupt nature; perhaps she is not a responsible being—I shall arrange as to that hereafter—but it is your dastardly conduct that at present must be dealt with. The scene speaks for itself. The lying telegram and the pretended illness to get rid of me, the slip of paper with the address in your handwriting—what a pity it was dropped!—and your presence in this lonely house at this hour reveal all."

"You had better bring in the flood itself as my agent, if you think me thus powerful," the other said scornfully. "I had no more power to induce your wife to come to this place than I had to cause the flood to keep her here."

"Liar! You defend her—you are paid to do it! The telegram is sufficient."

"If, as I gather, the telegram which sent you to Truscott Hall was false I know nothing of it; and, on my honor, Denis, you misjudge your wife. You have her love—not I."

There was a tremor in the last words; Towerscourt noticed the madman opposite pounce upon it, and laughed wildly.

"You are her slave now! So our suspicions then were well grounded. She saw your enslavement from the first. Swear to me on the honor of a gentleman, that my pure, spotless wife never met you at midnight in my house. Ha! at fault! Swear that she is ignorant of your passion."

There was a horrible pause. I dragged myself across the floor and clasped his knees.

"I did deceive you about my illness, Denis; but I take Heaven to witness that I came here only to see my mother."

"Out of my sight! Corrupt yourself, you infect the best among us. Let go, I say, I trust you not. You are a Haughton, as your mother was before you."

As I gasped for breath, with a cry of horror Towerscourt sprang at Denis; ere he was touched his own passion overcame him, and he fell prone at my feet, in his fall shaking the house to its very foundation.

I thought him dead, and reason tottered. I was told afterwards that as I staggered up, and stood clinging to Towerscourt, I touched the prostrate form with my foot, and said to the Italian servant;

"Either he or I, Jessa; it would not be right if we both lived after such words had passed between us."

* * * * *

I was at Beechwood again. Three days had elapsed since the morning that a boat had carried us over a swollen river.

In the early waning of the autumn afternoon I lay on a couch in my dressing-room, freshly wakened from sleep. I felt light-headed and feeble; my mind was not yet quite balanced; and I know I babbled strangely while looking wonderingly at my thin transparent fingers pluck ing at the down coverlet thrown across me—

Like one
Half awakened from a midnight dream of blood.

"No wonder he died, to think me such a one as Hilton's wife. I wonder if Hilton struck her, and said that word to her, and what she did, and how she bore it? It has struck my heart and head; he had no right to say it and die. He should not have left it all to me; he ought to share some of my pain, but it beats, beats here. If he felt it, he would not lie so still. I remember Towerscourt cried as he led me to the other room. I was ready to go—what did it matter? I said 'Good night' as I got up from beside Denis; I was going to kiss him, but I could not. It is so strange that I should feel repulsion because he was dead."

"Who is dead?" said a voice beside me.

"My Denis. Jessa, I am a widow, and you have let me wear colors, and I have no cap."

"The padrone is not dead. You deceive yourself still, little mistress."

"Not dead?"

"Not dead yet."

"That's strange!" And I fell to musing again.

How things confounded themselves with me! Jessa, for instance, was so grim, so terrible in aspect, as I saw her with wild, furtive eyes, bloodshot for want of sleep, a mouth which twitched spasmodically, and a hand which trembled as she brought my draught up to the couch. Her hand burned as I touched it. Yet no—now I felt it again, it was quite cold and clammy. The fire burned brightly, and made Jessa's shadow goblin-like by fits and starts; but the very room looked unfamiliar in the half-light, as we sometimes find it after a sleep in the daytime, when for some hours we have gone out of our lives, and seem, when we return, to find everything with an altered aspect.

I could not at first remember what had happened; there was a faint recollection of a gray and rainy morning, a sensation of being propelled through water, the sound of oars in their rowlocks, the swish of water against a rocking boat. I sighed heavily, looking at Jessa, who stood and seemed either to forget to breathe at all or else to breathe imperceptibly. The room was horrible; it seemed to close round and stifle me. I sat up.

"Jessa, did Mr. Fernley have a fit after that dreadful scene there?"

"Yes," she answered sullenly.

"Has he been to see me since he returned?"

"Signorina, no."

My thoughts gradually cleared while I lay and thought. Feelings I dared not name were taking the place of wifely love. There was a struggle at hand; I had been brought back to his home, but I swore to be quit of his presence. With sudden energy I rose from the couch, seized the candle, and carried it to the mirror; it reflected a spectre of myself, and amid long tangles of yellow hair a wasted marble face with a livid bruise on one white cheek. I looked till my eyes flamed, but they were not brighter than those in a ghastly face which looked over my shoulder.

"There's a deeper bruise here, Jessa," I said, and I pressed my hand close to my heart.

Jessa turned me round and grasped my hand; her eyes peered into mine; her dark face approached my own. I felt the influence of a terrible mesmeric fascination guiding my thoughts to something vague yet horrible, and suddenly shook myself.

"No—no—no!" I gasped, without knowing what I rejected.

She loosed my hands and glided from the room.

What awful meaning was in her look? I pondered, looking after her, and all at once I felt frightened. Jessa must come back and stay with me; I would not trust her from my sight. Though I was weak from the fever, I could not rest longer; I threw a fur cloak over my wadded cashmere morning-gown, and shivering partly from cold and partly from fear, ventured outside the corridor.

I went feebly down the stairs. The great hall was empty; the double large door shut out the sounds from the kitchen regions, yet I knew it was about the hour when the servants would be preparing for the dinner. Outside the morning-room I paused and softly turned the handle. I heard voices. It was dusk. I pushed the door a little open, sufficient to see to the end of the long room. Lady Fernley, her back towards the door, sat before the fire, and a tall figure was stretched on a couch by the side of it. They spoke low and earnestly.

I was moving away, when another glance showed me the object of my search close at hand in that very room. The day was cold, and a large Japanese screen had been placed a few yards from the door to keep out draughts; it had been partially pushed on one side by some one entering or leaving the room, and in one of the angles of its divisions crouched Jessa, her head bent forward, listening intently.

I drew near. Not for a good deal would I have met Denis or his mother then; yet I felt I could not, must not, lose sight of the Italian while she was in the presence of people she so detested. She was wrapped in unconsciousness of anything but the one act of listening. I went close and tried to attract her notice, but in vain—she was completely absorbed. This is what I heard as I stood by. Lady Fernley spoke.

"Sick or well, she should not have been suffered to enter this house again. But I believe now you hug yourself with the oath of that infatuated boy."

"She will not trouble you long. As you say, I partly believe my cousin's word; they are guilty in intention—no more. I have long ceased to think her responsible for her actions; the curse of her blood is working out; she is going to a place where temptation cannot reach her, but, gently treated—better than I have——"

"You!"

"You do not know all, or perhaps you would despise me as much as I do myself."

"Denis, don't tell me you love her still."

"I could not subvert nature; but I've been too harsh, too stern—I'm beginning to see that. She has a noble nature, in spite of the taint in her blood. I partly think the sense of unmerited disgrace on her proud soul has unsettled her mind and undone her. If you can understand, I regret that we ever met; yet sometimes, mother, and especially of late, I have felt a resistless impulse come over me to clasp her to my heart and dare fate to do its worst, so that I get back a tithe of the love I neglected for two years."

"Think of poor Hilton, my son."

"I think of him daily; and, though I tell you my folly, I will never yield to it. Be content; the temptation of her presence will be removed. I have settled it to-day. This watching and suspicion degrades us both alike; and, as I cannot keep my honor safe without it, we must be apart. She will be in other hands to-morrow. I shall send Jessa back to Italy, and——"

He spoke on, but I heard no more. With a simultaneous movement I advanced and Jessa recoiled. Even in the dim light I saw the flash of her eyes, as with a noiseless rapid movement she stepped into the hall, and, without appearing to notice my presence, disappeared. I thought she went to the library, but she was not there, and I looked into the dining-room.

The table was laid for dinner—for three persons I noticed—but not completed. Wine stood on the massive sideboard, and one particular rare decanter, which was always filled with pure water. I never touched wine, and Denis and his mother almost invariably drank a small glass of water during dinner. I felt stunned and bewildered; the fever made me faint and thirsty. Jessa was not in the room; but I took a little tumbler, and went to the sideboard. Just as I lifted out the stopper from the water decanter I heard a step in the hall; I laid it down so hastily that it made a loud jarring noise on the polished wood. Thinking it might be Jessa, I hurried out.

Face to face in the doorway I encountered Doctor Pratt. I little knew he was in the house, and it startled me. I was quivering yet as he took my hand, looking at me inquisitively meanwhile.

"This is imprudent, my dear madam," he said softly. "You are not well enough to cross all those cold passages to come here." And he was so solicitous that he would not loose my hand.

"Who is to prevent my walking where I like?" I demanded loudly, striving to get away, for something in his inquiring eyes made me shiver still.

"I am at present. Go back to your room quietly. Mistress Jessa was wrong to let you go about—only think what the servants would say if they saw you."

He glanced at my fur cloak and cashmere robes as if they were objectionable at that hour, and, after looking at him blankly, I went back obediently, he watching me go up the stairs.

"*Anima mia,*" whispered Jessa, creeping up as I entered the room, and looking with terrified eyes into my face, "didst thou not hear a cry?"

But there was no cry.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

My Steady Pupil.

BY C. J.

"Now, Mr. Baker, let us understand each other at once," Lord Hunsdon had said, leaning back in his official armchair, "I have great pleasure, as I have said, in entrusting to you the task of my nephew's education. All I have heard of you, and what little I have seen of you, induces me to regard you as an excellent travelling tutor. It only remains for me to state my views, as briefly as I can—Cecil Manvers has a fortune of his own—his mother's money—and will in all probability succeed me in the title and property. I don't want the boy to turn out a bookworm, a milksop, or a scamp. Make him a well-informed, honorable gentleman, with enough knowledge of the world to steer clear of its worst perils, and I shall be more than satisfied. I shall see you again, of course, before you leave England, but just now, my time is positively not my own."

And I took the under-secretary's hint, and retired. Next week, Cecil Manvers and I went abroad.

Our first year of continental travel passed off pleasantly enough. I found my pupil not merely intelligent and quick to learn, but bright, frank, and unassuming, and singularly docile for so spirited a lad. We had wintered in Italy, and the next spring found us in Paris.

It was the time when the Grand Paris Exhibition of 1855 attracted myriads to the then imperial capital of France. My pupil and I made the new Palace of Industry our daily lounge, and so did a French friend of ours, destined to play no unimportant part in this story—one Colonel the Baron Duplessis, with whom we had accidentally become acquainted on our first arrival.

The Colonel, as became a man of ancient lineage and reduced fortunes, lived in a gloomy old street on the left bank of the Seine, far away from the glare and glitter of the modern Paris. The Rue de Loches was the name of the street, and the colonel's house number Sixteen, was on the shady side of it—a big dingy mansion, with a grass grown courtyard, a walled garden, and windows into which the sun never seemed to shine; and the colonel's family consisted merely of his wife and daughter. Madame la baronne spoke little and mademoiselle was as mute as a fish.

The only attraction in number Sixteen, Rue de Loches, was the gay good humor, tempered by the dignified shrewdness of an experienced man of the world, of its master. M. Duplessis, even to me, seemed singularly agreeable, and gained a still larger share of Cecil's regard. It so happened that my pupil had a turn for military subjects, and his boyish curiosity appeared to please the colonel. So it came about that Cecil and the baron made frequent excursions, now to be present at the trial of a rifled cannon, now to go over fortifications, see a review, or ramble through the arsenal, without my being of the party.

It often happened, too, after the expeditions I have described, that Cecil Manvers went to drink tea and passed the evening at the baron's house. I felt, on this head, no misgivings, such as would have beset me had I allowed my charge to go out alone into gayer company. What harm, in such company, could accrue to him? Mademoiselle's eyes were not bright enough to win his young affections, and the baronne's weak tea would not be likely to derange his nerves.

One morning I found myself looking up from the oblong piece of pasteboard, on which were lithographed the words: "Jules Carnet, Sous-chef: Brigade de Surete," at the owner of name and card. There was nothing very notable about my visitor—a plump middle-aged Frenchman, with tight boots, well waxed moustaches, and the imperialist chin-tuft.

"I gather from this card," said I, "somewhat bashfully, "that you belong, M. Carnet, to the——"

"To the police!" rejoined my new acquaintance; yes, monsieur. It is now my duty, in compliance with instructions from headquarters, to apprise you that your pupil—Sir Manvers—is deceiving you. Yes, it is my painful, my distressing duty," he said, in a thick whisper, "to disturb, Monsieur, your beautiful confidence in your youthful friend. Sir Manvers,—that youth so discreet—he spends his evenings in a private gambling-house, full of the worst company, at Rue de Loches, number Sixteen."

On me this extraordinary assertion produced very much the effect of a sudden plunge into cold water. Then I rallied my wits sufficiently to reply. There had, I said, been some preposterous mistake. Mr. Cecil Manvers passed his evenings in the society of a quiet French family of good position, that of Colonel the Baron Duplessis.

But here M. Carnet broke in, arching his eyebrows:

"Eh, eh, the Baron Duplessis?" said he, dryly; I was not aware that to his epaulettes of colonel he added the baronial coronet. Well, Monsieur Baker, I have dropped you a hint, well intentioned. Watch more strictly over your pupil, and, should you require help from the police, you have only to seek me—me, Jules Carnet at your service. The address I have pencilled., see, on this card, Seven, Rue Joachim."

And, with a flourish and a bow, he was gone.

Left alone, my reflections were very bitter. I could not doubt the truth or the timeliness of the warning that had been conveyed to me, and that evening I set out for the Rue de Loches.

It was very dark, and as I crossed the bridge a fine chilly rain began to fall, but I scarcely heeded it, but pressed on. I reached the street, and, just as I had raised my hand to the bell handle of number Sixteen, I noticed that the gate was, contrary to custom, slightly ajar. Instinctively I pushed it open, passed in, silently reclosed it behind me, and entered the house unseen. The well-known staircase was clear, and I met with no impediment as I traversed two small rooms, and, myself screened by a heavy crimson curtain, commanded a view of the great gloomy salon and its occupants.

More than forty persons, as I judged were present, and of this number, besides the colonel's wife and daughter, but three were women. As for the male guests, there was the usual mixture of gulls and sharpers—the latter element predominating—to be found in such places. All were well dressed, and several were more or less intoxicated.

Some game was going on, and in it some eighteen or nineteen players were engaged. Near the head of the table, confronting the dealer, sat Cecil, his face flushed, his eyes sparkling, a champagne glass in his hand, and a great heap of gold and notes lying on the velvet cloth before him. Most of the other faces near him, including that of the Baron Duplessis, expressed annoyance, dismay, or savage ill-humor, and I saw at once that this was an instance of one of those extraordinary runs of luck which sometimes enable a tyro to conquer the wiliest practitioners at the gambling table. Again and again the cards were dealt, and still fickle Fortune befriended Cecil. The pile of gold before him swelled and swelled, until at last, with a muttered oath, the last stake of the bank was reluctantly pushed towards my pupil.

"Broke the bank, by Jove! I said I'd do it!" cried the lad with boyish exultation, as he held out his glass to be replenished.

I was in the very act of rushing from my place of concealment, when I happened to observe one of the evil-visaged serving men, in obedience to a nod from Colonel the Baron Duplessis, add a few drops from a little vial that he carried hidden in his sleeve, to the foaming contents of the broad glass of champagne which he presently placed in Cecil's outstretched hand. The lad swallowed the frothing wine at a draught, and then—so rapid, no doubt, was the action of the drug—his bright eyes swam and grew dim, he nodded drowsily, and sank forward in a sort of stupor, his head resting on his arm. Instantly there began to be a movement among the company, and with many a "good evening," the majority of the guests took their leave.

Tang! The sharp little hammer of the bronze clock on the chimneypiece, as it struck the hour of one, suggested to me the necessity of being prompt and cool, if I would save Cecil Manvers from a worse peril than the mere loss of money. By this time only five persons, excepting my pupil, remained in the room, for even the baron's wife and dull-eyed daughter had disappeared, and of these five, two of them were serving-men in theatrical livery. The other three were the baron himself; a cadaverous little old fellow, with a hatchet face and a harsh voice; and a big, black-browed man, whose sharp white teeth, filed to a point like those of savages, looked disagreeably wolfish whenever he smiled or spoke.

"Who sleep, sups," remarked the senior of the group. "Your soothing syrup, Duplessis, did the trick well."

The Colonel responded with some brutal joke about a tender young pigeon that was ready for the spit.

"There is no risk, no risk at all," said the eldest of the scoundrels; "what can they prove against us? The young gentleman has won our money, not we his. He insisted on returning home on foot, with his gold in his pockets. Is it our fault if those pockets were empty when the body discovered in the Seine, was laid out on the wet slabs of the Morgue?" and he stretched forth his brawny hands, half jocularly, towards Cecil's throat.

"Not yet," returned the baron, peremptorily; "not yet this hour to come. One o'clock is too early for our good friends here, to carry such a load through the riverside streets. Better wait till the last wine-shop closes, and the last drunkard reels homewards."

And then all five sat down together at the table, in familiar conversation, much of which was to me unintelligible. I did not, however, linger long to play the part of eavesdropper. Clearly, if I would save Cecil, I must lose no time in summoning rescue. Softly retracing my steps, I glided out into the street, and, mindful of the address which M. Carnet had given me, flew rather than walked to Number Seven Rue Joachim.

The inspector of police listened with eager interest to my story, and when I had finished he rubbed his hands and almost purred, in feline fashion, over the news I had brought.

"A great haul for the net of the law!" he murmured blandly; "Georges Le Moine—runaway, burglar and assassin, much wanted in his old quarters at Toulon; then Old Vinet, of Lyons, then the Duplessis himself, who has a long score to settle with Justice; and the two minor villains, Jacques Peach and Jean Baptiste Tellier, thrown in to complete the batch of jailbirds. Now, my children!" he added loudly, and the door opened, disclosing four gendarmes and eight agents, armed to the teeth; "be quick and silent. This gentleman will guide us. Only one of these is likely to make serious resistance. I mean Le Moine. If he does——"

"Very well, inspector," answered an agent of police, as he examined the lock of his pistol.

But there was no fighting. The whole rascally gang gave proof of the most abject cowardice, when pounced on by the police, and did not even attempt to use the weapons which four out of the five had concealed about their persons. In prison, each made a confession damaging to the defence of the remainder, and I believe all were ultimately sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. Cecil Manvers is Lord Hunsdon now, and has long since learned to profit by the follies of his youth; but we are fast friends, and my former charge has never forgotten the debt of gratitude which he declares himself to owe me for my coolness on that night in the Rue de Loches.

FACETIÆ

A common vice—Advice.

Champion of light weights.—The coal dealer.

When is a doctor most annoyed? When he is out of patients.

Hewers of wood and drawers of water.—Wood engravers and marine painters.

Topergraph.—"No cows, no cream," is the way a compositor set up the words, "No cross, no crown."

A hotel is advertised as "kept by the widow of Mr. Brown, who died last summer on a new and improved plan.

A strange misapprehension exists as to the cultivation of peppers. They are not grown in hot beds as some suppose.

Mr. John Jones says he wishes he could hear of some place where people never die, he would go and end his days there.

"Honesty is the best policy, but it keeps a man very poor," said Greggs, the grocer, while he wetted the sugar without putting any sand in it.

"The British Empire," exclaimed John Bull to Brother Jonathan, "is one on which the sun never sets." "Nor in which the tax gatherer ever goes to bed."

Victor Hugo wrote to a "fraternal banquet" of working men that he could not be present, but sent them "a shake of the hand from the bottom of his heart."

The gentleman who advertises for a "situation in some light business" is now fluctuating between an engagement in a gas factory and a situation in a small cork factory.

A cynical man insists that the fewer relations or friends we have the happier we are. In your poverty they never help you, in your prosperity they always help themselves.

"What a sour temper that laboring man who works for you has," said one man to another.—"Yes," was the reply, "but if his temper is sour the rest of the laboring man is sweet."

He may be a riotous old patriot on election day and swear that the country is gone to the dogs unless his party wins, but if he loses he is more than likely to come up the next day and say that the election was a matter of no importance, as no principle was involved.

An experienced lady observes that a good way to pick out a husband is to see how patiently he waits for dinner when it is behind time. Her husband remarks that a good way to pick out a wife is to see whether the woman has dinner ready in time.

The philosophers tell us that the rain which falls from the cloud forms a component part of whatever grows upon earth. Thus, in a passing shower, we may be unconsciously pelted with the component parts of bulls, sheep, calves, poets, patriots and editors.

A newly arrived boarder at a fashionable sea-side boarding house, thought he had not sufficient bolster, &c., and accordingly carried the pillows down to the landlady's room, who inquired what he desired. The gentleman wished to know what they were which he held in his hands. "Pillows."—"I thought they were pincushions," replied the boarder.

Tommy rode on the top of the load. Just before reaching the farm the team went pretty briskly down a steep hill. When Tommy entered the house his mother said:—"Tommy, my dear, were you not frightened when the horses went trotting down Crow Hill? "Yes, mother, a little," replied Tom, honestly; "I asked the Lord to help me and hung on like a beaver."

A sailor calling upon a goldsmith asked him what might be the value of an ingot as big as his arm. The shopkeeper beckoned him into a back room and prfined him with grog. He then asked to see the ingot. "Oh," said Jack, "I haven't got it yet; but I'm now going to the diggings and would like to know the value of such a lump before I go. Salt ordered out.

Bridesmaids are going out of style. Fashion in France now prescribes two tiny pages who are chosen from the prettiest of the boy relatives of the bride or bridegroom.

IT IS WELL to get clear of a bad cough or cold the first week, but it is safer to rid yourself of it the first forty-eight hours—the proper remedy for the purpose being Dr. Ayne's Expectorant.

THE SUNNY SIDE.

BY G. B.

The sunny side, the sunny side—
Let's always look upon it;
'Tis better far to banish care
Than sadly muse upon it.

Do not sit down with folded hands,
And always be repining,
But when beneath the darkest cloud
Think of its silver lining.

Then work and pray, and don't give way
To every little sorrow;
Bear bravely on, your troubles will
Be lighter found to-morrow.

'Tis not the grief that wounds us, but
The way in which we take it;
Then upward look, and bear in mind
The world is what we make it.

For all around work may be found,
Work that is urgent, pressing.
Let's do our best and leave the rest.
And we shall have God's blessing.

So anxious care, and dark despair
Cast to the winds of Heaven,
And always to the sunny side
Let all your thoughts be given.

Ensign Ranson.

BY EMMA RHODES.

There were several young people gathered in Mrs. Martin's "parlor." Probably there was not another old lady in the city had such a "parlor." In fact, it was a room on the topmost story of a grand old house in an old city square.

In that house Mrs. Martin had spent the last happy married days of her early womanhood, and there it was her wish to remain till she died. The house was far too large and too costly for a widowed woman's sole occupation, and so she had retreated, up and up, until she reached a solitude and a silence which the occupant of many a country High street might have envied. The old lady herself rarely went out now, but she did not lack visitors. There were some with great names and great powers who, in the world of fashion, found no temptation to forget their old friend; and there were many more, bright saucy lands and sweet enthusiastic girls, who found with her a refuge and a rest, where they could flutter their incipient wings safely and happy.

I can only remember that, at that time, some great trial was running its course, and all were eager for the sight of the evening papers, which one of us had brought in, and the contents of which we had been all eagerly discussing, rashly giving our decided judgments on points over which the jury of twelve "good men and true" would have to spend many an hour of weary consideration.

One witness came in for our special animadversion. In her cross-examination some question had been put to her which she had declined to answer, and on appealing to the judge whether she was compelled to do so, had received an answer in the negative.

"We all know what that means," was the dictum of our juvenile leader, in which we all heartily concurred. "If what she must have answered would have been to her credit, she would not have hesitated, whether the question was justifiable or not. We may be sure that her answer would probably have evoked some further question, with results still more discreditable to her."

There was quite a little chorus of assent on this point; only Mrs. Martin was quite silent.

"Don't you think so, too?" asked one of us, turning to the old lady.

"My dear, it may be so—but it may not," she answered. "I know a little story on this very point. I knew a gentleman who was present when the incident happened."

We were all attention. A story was not to be slighted, even when told to prove ourselves in the wrong.

"Well," said Mrs. Martin, many years back, long before I was born, and that is nearly sixty years ago, a young man came out of a little house at the eastern end of a town by the sea. The house from which the young man came was beyond even this homely bustle, and was little more than a wooden hut, tarred to defend it from wind and weather. It was clearly a very poor place, where none but very poor people would live.

"But the young man who came out was in the full dress of a military officer. He looked back and waved his hand toward the little house, as if he knew that somebody there was watching him, though certainly nobody could be seen from the outside. And then he turned and struggled against the strong gale which blew in from the sea.

"He walked on quite through the town. There were few people taking exercise for pleasure in that rough weather, and the crowd of shipping made the seaward view almost less lonely than the shore. Wherever the houses broke apart, one caught glimpses of a wild, flat country, dotted here and there with weird trees in Indian file; and the youth looked wistfully towards these desert fields, as if he would fain have struck away across them, instead of going on, as he did, towards the grim old fort.

"Yet there, it was clear, festivity was going forward, and friendly voices greeted him as he passed the grey old portal. And then, over his stern sad face he dropped a mask of gaiety, and though he relapsed into silence at times, he was as polite and conversible as the best of them.

"There was preparation for a dinner party in the fine stiff old hall, with its rows of military portraits, and its dingy blood-stained banners. The castle, the barracks, and the fort itself had eagerly furnished guests to welcome the visitor of the day, a grand old General recently returned from honorable victories in the south of Europe.

"After dinner, when ceremony was fairly thawed, the good old General in the kindliness and pride of his heart displayed a little box, which had been given him by a grandee of Spain. It was set with diamonds and colored gems of rare value, and it passed from hand to hand, flashing brightly in the lamp-light, while the old warrior told dread stories of his campaigns and of the daring and honor of his men.

"But suddenly, at the end of a story so thrilling that all heads had been craned towards him, while the military servants had thronged the door in rapt attention, the simple question was asked—

"'Where is the General's jewelled box?'

"Nobody knew: everybody said that he had sleepily passed it on to his fellow.

"'It cannot be lost, General,' cried the officer in command of the fort. 'In this room it was a few minutes ago, and in this room it must be still. No gentleman, to his knowledge, has it in his possession. Let the servants at the door come in, though, to the best of my belief, not one of them has approached the table since the box was brought out. Let the door be made fast, and let our search be thorough.'

"The candles were brandished to and fro, under the tables, under the chairs, round the table drapery. But from no point flashed out the brilliant beauty of the little box.

"'Still it must be here,' insisted the Commandant, 'and surely no gentleman will think his honor infringed if each in turn is asked to empty the contents of his pockets upon the table. I myself will be the first to do so. And the servants shall be the last.'

"But one drew back when the Commandant made his proposal. That young man who had walked in from the eastern end of the town.

"His turn was the very last. 'Ensign Ranson,' said the Commandant steadily. Ensign Ranson was certainly the first who had required to be called upon by name.

"The youth arose. And though the rest of his face was of a deadly whiteness, there was a spot of burning red on each cheek. 'I don't think any gentleman should be asked to do this. I will not do it!' cried the young Ensign passionately, and he looked wildly round the group as if he sought for one face that would comprehend and compassionate his misery. 'If the General will come with me to the ante-room,' he added, 'I will convince him that I have not touched his box. But this public exposure I will not submit to: our consent was not asked, and——'

"'Certainly not!' 'Out upon you!' 'General, you must not think of indulging his insolent request,' were the only sentences audible in the general hubbub that arose on every side.

"But the General rose. 'Gentlemen,' he said, quietly, 'I have never yet refused to listen to an enemy's petition. If you can satisfy me, sir, perhaps your comrades will take my word for you.'

"There was a murmur of very reluctant acquiescence, as the Ensign bowed and waited respectfully to follow the General to the ante-chamber. They had not disappeared behind the heavy curtains before all sorts of surmises were whispered round the table, guesses and hints so wild and so sinister as to do credit neither to the heads nor the hearts which originated them. The General and the Ensign stayed a longer time in the ante-room than would have sufficed to search the Ensign's pockets twice and thrice over. At last they came out. The Ensign's face was still very pale; what flush remained upon it had now mounted to the eyes. The old General was blowing his nose.

"'Ensign Ranson has thoroughly satisfied me,' he said, in his most genial voice. 'Never mind my box. It has vanished by one of those mysterious accidents which will happen sometimes. It will be found some day. And now, gentlemen, perhaps as we have been thus broken up we shall not settle down again very comfortable to-night. I hope we shall see you all at the Castle before Lady Elizabeth and I leave for London.'

"There was nothing more to be said. It was discovered that Ensign Ranson was not only invited to the Castle with the other officers, but was also asked there by himself, and actually was believed to have taken tea with the General and Lady Elizabeth in their deepest retirement. For the General's sake rather than his own, his brother officers continued on courteous terms with him; and he had always been so shy, and held himself so aloof, that perhaps he did not discover there was but little cordiality in their courtesy. And presently he exchanged into another regiment, which went on foreign service.

"He was away for several years, and in the fortunes of war he got rapidly promoted, so that when he returned home, though he was still young, he was no longer a poor nobody, not Ensign Ranson, but Colonel Ranson.

"Once more he sat in the stately old banqueting-room of the fort. This time he had not walked in from the bleak east end of the town, but had been driven from the Castle in the chariot of the Castle's owner. But all of the guests at the former dinner were not there. Many of those, indeed, he well knew, were sleeping on battlefields far away.

"Once more the dishes were removed and the servants withdrawn. The guest of this evening was no wonderful story-teller, like the good old General, who had now passed to his rest. Colonel Ranson was as taciturn as Ensign Ranson had been shy, and he even let the conversation flag and never seemed to notice it.

"'Colonel,' said the eldest gentleman of the party, speaking with visible effort, and giving a slight cough to veil his embarrassment; 'Colonel, I think we all remember another time when we dined together here.'

"'Certainly, I remember it,' answered the Colonel, lifting his grey eyes, with a cool light in them.

"'Colonel, we fancy you think some of us did you ill justice then. At least a lady says you felt so—Lady Elizabeth, the good old General's widow. If what we are going to do is in any way painful to you I hope you will pardon us, for we are only following her counsel. Colonel there was a box lost that evening. Here it is.'

"Yes, there it was, gleaming once more in the light which danced gaily upon it. The Colonel looked at it calmly and asked:

"'Where was it found?'

"His composure was exceeding disconcerting. Another gentleman, feeling that the first had done his part, now took up the parable.

"'It was found in the very chair on which you are now seated, Colonel,' he said. 'You will remember that the General sat there on that night. It must have found its way back to the General's own hand, and in the interest and excitement of his own story-telling, he must have intended to slip it back into his pocket, which, if you recollect, was the first place where he sought it. Instead of that it evidently escaped the proper orifice, and dropped into the covering of the chair; that covering was very thick and heavy, and hung in lappets about his legs. Part of it was unsewn, and this box dropped between the damask and the lining, and remained there safely and unseen till the chair was re-covered last year.'

"The Colonel sat in silence for some minutes, and toyed with his wine-glass, as he quite forgot where he was. Then he recalled himself with a start, and, drawing something from his own pocket, said quietly:

"'Gentlemen, I too, have something to show you.'

"All pressed forward as he carefully unfolded the soft paper packet and laid something on the table. What was it? What could it be?

"It was the bleached skeleton of a chicken's wing.

"'Gentlemen,' he said, in that same quiet voice, which no longer sounded cold and stern, but rather full of strength and sweetness, 'when I was here before I was a poor fatherless lad, owning nothing in the world but my poor little pittance of pay. I had only one relation in the world and that was my mother's sister. After my mother died she had been as a mother to me, but when our home was finally broken up, there was nothing for it but she must be a governess in a stranger's house. And she did her work courageously and cheerfully enough, till her health failed, and nobody wanted the service of a sick woman. She had always been good to me, and we two had only each other in the world. I took my aunt to lodge with the wife of the miller's man, in the little black cottage beside the mill. She was a kind cleanly woman, though rough and plain in her ways, and my poor aunt used to call herself very happy there. But she could not eat the simple food my scanty means could procure. And the good landlady used to break my heart by suggesting that her appetite might be tempted by chickens or game, or such luxuries beyond my utmost reach.

"'All the day of that memorable dinner party my aunt had been very feeble and failing. When I left her I really wondered whether she would be alive when I saw her again. My soul revolted at the sight of dainties which were no good to me, and which I could not convey to her who seemed dying for want of them. Suddenly a bright idea seized me. I took a letter from my pocket, and spread it on my napkin, and then, by an adroit movement, transferred the wing of a chicken from my plate to the paper, and thence smuggled it to my pocket.

"'Gentlemen, you can all imagine my feelings when such unlooked for circumstances threatened to expose my poor little plan. There are some of you who were, like myself, young then—whom it would have been as hard to meet after such a discovery as it would have been had I really stolen the jewels.'

"'In that little room, yonder, I told my sad story to that good great man who is gone. And I folded up my queer treasure again, for I could not leave it behind to bear witness; and besides, having paid such a terrible price of it, I did not see why my aunt should not have it. And she ate it for her supper that very night; and next morning, almost as soon as it was light, there was the General hammering at the cottage door, with a basket of fowls and fruit carried in his own hand. And, then and there, I took this little chicken bone, and vowed that I would keep it till the snuff-box was found, and I myself was such a man among such men that none would smile at my poverty, or even despise my weakness.'

"'That is my story,' said good Mrs. Martin, deftly folding up the stocking which she had finished off while she related. 'That is my story, as told me by my uncle, who was at both those dinner-parties. And it has always taught me not to be too sure that there can be but one sort of reason for secrecy! My dears, we should never think evil while it is possible for us to imagine good. I believe that it is because God knows of so much goodness which we never hear about, that He has patience with the world."

ELSIE'S ENGAGEMENT.

BY M. D.

Sitting there with the firelight glowing and flickering over her little sorrowful face, she made about as lovely a picture as any artist could desire. Her eyes, with their forget-me-not tinge, were gazing into the depths of the glowing embers, but her thoughts were far away from that cosy drawing-room, where she sat, in Onslow Square, and where the radiant blaze threw such a radiance over the warm colors of the Turkey carpet, and on the solitary figure of Elsie Graham in the arm chair there, bending forward with clasped hands and far-away eyes. And the firelight flickers on, until a sudden energetic and somewhat despairing movement of those small clasped hands sends it leaping and flashing into the very heart of a lustrous diamond ring upon the third finger of Elsie's left hand; right joyously it danced and sparkled on the brilliant jewel, as though it were proud and pleased to have such a spot to gleam on as Elsie Graham's engagement ring, for such it was, and Elsie Graham was engaged to Captain the Honorable Wentworth Dere. It was the first time since her betrothal that the girl had looked down with sad distressed eyes upon the brightness of that little ring, and a bitter look swept across her face as she resolutely took it from her finger.

"He cannot love both of us. He shall be free."

This was all she said, but it meant a great deal. It meant that Elsie Graham was about to release Captain Dere from his engagement to her, not simply because a rumor of his faithlessness had reached her ears that afternoon from her friend Alice Scarsdale, but because that faithlessness had been proved by her own eyes just two short hours ago, when she had seen Captain Dere standing in the open doorway of one of the houses a little way above Onslow Square, talking to a girl young and fair as herself. Miss Graham was driving past at the time in the pretty brougham her father kept for her, and in which she generally took her winter drives, and with her own beautiful, startled eyes, she had seen Wentworth Dere with a passionate fondness kiss the fair, upturned face of the girl—her rival!

Do you wonder that she came home sick and miserable to the luxurious little drawing-room, where she sat for two such weary hours, until daylight and twilight had passed away, and only the firelight reigned paramount?

She was now expecting him; he always came in the evening, but he ought to have been here an hour ago.

"He will come away from her, and try and look as if he loved me," she thought; and the thought had no sweetness in it, as she sat there listening for the opening of the hall door, and the step only too well known upon the stairs—the soft, firm tread which had set her heart throbbing and her cheek flushing so many a time; but they had never throbbed or flushed as they would to-night. Once she raised her eyes to the little French clock; it was nearing six, and presently it would chime forth the hour. But before the gilded hands arrived at that stage there was a sound in the hall below, a door was opened, a pair of boots were brushed hastily on the mat, a hat and stick were laid on the hall table, and then came the light, quick tread on the stairs.

A great lump rose in Elsie's throat, and her heart beat so wildly that she had to place her hand upon it—the little hand from which the engagement ring had been taken—but she sat on without moving until he entered the room and came towards her.

Elsie rises from her seat as his hand touches her shoulder, and his voice, rich and clear, falls upon his ear.

"I should have been here before, darling," said he; "but I was unavoidably detained."

Unavoidably detained! For a moment the forget-me-not eyes gaze into his with almost a piteous earnestness in their inquiry, and the sweet face, with its halo of sunny hair, grows strangely pale; but the parched lips refuse to ask the question her heart demands,—"Are you treacherous?" She only says, coldly, "Yes, I know,—I saw you."

I don't think Wentworth Dere had ever heard her speak like that before. The hand upon her shoulder is placed round her slender form, and he raises the pale sweet face, with all its troubles, to his.

"What is it, Elsie?—are you ill? What does all this mean?"

She would not look at him; she did not want to tremble and hesitate before him now, for there came to her mind the picture she had been chafing over all the afternoon; and she spoke out resolutely, with the least dash of hardness in her voice, "Captain Dere——"

He stared at her bewilderment, but he held his peace as she addressed him. It was well perhaps that she did not look up, his face had grown so strangely stern and hard.

"Captain Dere, you have deceived me. You should have told me you loved another, and you might have had your freedom long ago."

Her eyes were fixed on the fire, which was brightening and flashing over her beautiful face; his never moved from that face.

"I do not understand you," he said.

"Two hours ago," she said, now looking up at him, "when I drove past the Terrace, I saw you standing in one of the doorways of a house there—you, and—and a lady—I——"

Was Wentworth Dere's face softening or hardening? Was he smiling or frowning as he said, interrogatively, "Well?"

"You know," she went on in abrupt, pained tones,—"you know what you did. I saw it all, I could not help it; but, Captain Dere, you shall never do that to me again. From this moment you are free; see, here is your ring; give it to her if you will, but you must not come here; I have no desire to see you again."

There, she had said it all—panting, paling, flushing, yet with a passionate intensity which could not be misunderstood.

Captain Dere sat down on the sofa which stood beside her, so near he could have touched her if he choose, but he did not choose to do so; he held himself aloof from her as he sat there, turning away his face, so that she could only just see the handsome profile. He did not gainsay or contradict one word she had said, he made no effort to exculpate himself, and Elsie's heart died within her.

It was all true, then! He was a flirt, a man who could kiss and talk love to one woman while he was bound to another. Perhaps up to that moment Elsie had some faint, glimmering hope that it might all come right; he might confess his fault, and implore forgiveness, he might tell her he loved her still above all earthly things, and promise he would never so offend again. But he did nothing of the kind. He had taken the ring from her and laid it on the chimney-piece where the firelight could no longer play on it and distress them both, and for full five minutes he never spoke.

Then he rose and looked taller and grander than ever.

"I did a foolish thing," said he, "in kissing her there in the doorway, I suppose; but after all, she was my own sister. Good evening and good-bye, since you wish it, Miss Graham—you have doubted my honor, it is perhaps best we should part."

Without further word, look, or touch he was gone, and Elsie sat on perfectly powerless and tongue-tied. I think he was wrong to try her so; but, remember he was very angry just then, because he had been doubted and distrusted; so he went away.

Chafing and haughty, he left Onslow Square, and walked towards his club; it was some distance, and he would have taken a hansom, only he felt walking was better for him than driving just now. He was very angry, very sore. Reason, however, began to return when he reached St. James's Street, and stood at the door of his club, and he asked himself why he was so angry. Supposing Elsie was vexed and jealous, not knowing that girl to be his sister, had she not a right to be so? Would he give twopence for her love, if she did not feel hurt when he kissed and flirted with other girls? Could she love him at all, and not feel it? If he had seen her in the arms of some unknown young man, if he had seen the said young man kiss her as he had done Katie Dere that afternoon, would he not be wildly jealous, would he not have used certain bitter words that would have stung those dainty ears to hear? The very thought of any other man but himself putting his lips near that face, which was to him even now the most beautiful the earth contained, caused Wentworth Dere to stamp his foot impatiently on the broad steps of the St. James's Club.

Mr. Graham, Elsie's father, was home at seven, and at half-past they dined. Mr. Graham was not a very observant man, but he did notice his daughter's pale face and weary look this evening. Elsie pleaded headache: and when her father went off to his study, where he would probably be until long past ten—for Leopold Graham was an M. P., and business hung heavy on his hands—the girl crept away to her pretty drawing-room, and throwing herself on the sofa, she lay there for more than an hour without stirring. Yes, her head did ache sadly, but something else was aching far worse. When the tea-tray was brought up she had to rouse herself, and send a cup of strong coffee down to her father; then she made tea for herself with a sort of mechanical apathy.

"What have I done? How could I doubt him?" she repeated for the twentieth time, blaming herself, poor child, for her want of faith and her sad mistake. Very wearily she clasped her hands together upon the chimney-piece, and leant her forehead on them; the tears brimmed over in the forget-me-not eyes, and fell upon the glowing steel-grate below.

Where was he now? At his club, perhaps, or, more likely, with his mother and sister, telling them all that had happened, and how his engagement with Elsie Graham was broken off; and they would no doubt put her down as a jealous, distrustful girl, of whom he was well quit. And if it was so, who was to blame but herself? Had she not sent him from her?

"Oh Wentworth, come back and forgive me!" cried the poor heart, while the tears fell thicker and faster, and with them came low bitter sobs.

The gas shone brilliantly down on the superb silver teapot, looking so proud and bright with its many reflections, and on the delicately-tinted cups of Sevres china. It also fell upon the drooping girlish figure before the fire; and some one who had noted the world of weariness and despair in that figure, came silently across the soft carpet to her side. Even as he stood there she did not know it, because she was sobbing bitterly now. These sobs touched the strong man's heart—he could bear it no longer.

"Elsie, my own!" he said very gently; and trembling in every limb at hearing that voice so unexpectedly at her side, the girl raised her bowed head. He was not looking angry now; there was nothing in Wentworth Dere's face but sorrow,—sorrow for having tried her so, and caused those tears.

"Elsie, my own, forgive me!"

And was he not forgiven already? In a moment he held her to his heart, taking warm, passionate kisses from the beautiful tearful face, with its halo of sunny hair.

Half-an hour afterwards they were looking very happy. Somehow I believe that little disturbance had made them dearer to each other, if that were possible; all I know is, that his face had gathered a new brightness, and the diamonds on Elsie's third finger seemed to sparkle more merrily and defiantly than before; but it did not distress her to see them now.

Three months later a plain gold ring was placed upon the same finger by Wentworth Dere.

HYMEN'S PICTURE.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

As is well-known that exceedingly imaginative people of antiquity, the Greeks, regarded marriage as presided over by a certain divine patron whom they termed Hymen. Weddings, receiving his benison or where he was present, were looked upon as destined to be happy, and those from which he absented himself, correspondingly miserable. The same personage with his attendant faculties, has been accepted in modern times by most nations as occupying his old station at their own marriages, although now his existence is wisely considered more figurative, and less a fact.

However, under the guidance and control of his step-brother Cupid, it is true that lately in an adjacent town a youth, rich and handsome, after the usual course of matters in such cases, was accepted as the prospective husband of a gentle maiden, fair as Hebe, and modest as the violets. Both were as happy as could be, for an additional ceremony of the proposal and betrothal had been the naming of the day.

Fancy led the Benedict in embryo to run over all the glories of the nuptials. He saw his sweet bride, clad in the noblest garments, walking slowly by his side through the crowded church; he heard the clanging bells ring out a wedding-peal, and listened in imagined ecstacy to the shouts and cheers of admiring friends. Never had his brain taken such a holiday, or his spirits danced a livelier jig to the medley sung by his heart.

Naturally in some way he sought to perpetuate, as it were, the memory of his overflowing bliss. Sending therefore, for a certain famous artist, he said:

"My friend, a month hence I marry. In the meantime I want you to paint for me as quickly as possible a picture of Hymen the god of Marriage. I desire to hang it in my room that I may have under my eye the divinity to whom I shall owe my greatest earthly happiness."

The artist, replying thanked him, and asked if he had any suggestions to make about its composition.

"Yes, some few. I desire that you sketch the god as a little boy full of the most delicate graces. His complexion must be as pure as the lily, softly tinted with the blushing of the rose, while his dear blue eyes sparkle with mirth. In one hand have him bear a torch, bright as the midday sun, and in the other carry a light chain of gold, whose links are so small as to be almost invisible, with here and there a diamond. Around his head draw flying the Joys and Loves. Make in fact the whole idea represent a beautiful combination of the most perfect bliss."

The painter retired to his studio, and after looking up the best engravings and paintings on the subject, produced a work he justly regarded as his masterpiece.

He brought it to his patron, who examined it critically and attentively.

"I do not think you catch the spirit exactly," he remarked at length. "You should make the figure of Hymen more joyous and pleasant, while rendering the surrounding objects twice as smiling. Touch it up with rose my friend. Do not on any account be sparing of your most brilliant colors."

The artist took the painting home again apparently to correct it. In the meantime the marriage had taken place. He allowed four weeks to pass before he returned with it. It was, however, in all respects as at first, he having neither touched it with paint or pencil.

It was uncovered and revealed to the husband of a month. That gentleman looked it over reflectively.

"I thought so," he then broke out, peevishly, "you've overdone the matter. Hymen is made altogether too fresh and happy looking. He also smiles a great deal more than need be, while his chain, if anything, should be twice as large and about twenty times heavier. And apart from these defects that torch is much clearer than is necessary, and ought to throw out a great deal more smoke."

Patiently the artist brought the picture away and pretended to amend it, but again without really altering it in the least. In two months he once more made his bow to his patron.

"It is less satisfactory than ever," said he, gazing at it. "There are no tears in Hymen's eyes, and in place of that light, let him carry a broomstick or rolling pin, while his chain ought to be of the dimensions of a ship's cable."

But the painter, a man of understanding and experience as well as art, well knew what was necessary. For the fourth time he carried his work home, and on this occasion did actually change it. He arranged it so that seen from a distance, Hymen seemed all laughter, happiness and smiles, but examined more closely, tears were visible in his eyes, and sorrow and repentance in every feature of his face.

Then—and only then—was the husband satisfied, and said it showed the truth.

P. HENRY DOYLE.

SIBERIAN EXILES.—Since the beginning of the present century nearly half a million persons have been exiled from Russia to Siberia. Between 1807 and 1812 the average transportation was 2,035 offenders a year. In 1840 the average was calculated at 5,000, in 1860 the number was 10,000, and in 1870 nearly 20,000, showing a large and remarkable increase upon the deportation during two reigns which are popularly supposed to have been more oppressive than the present. In 1877 the total was still higher, being no less than 25,000, but this increase is accounted for by the number of Circassian revolters and Turkish prisoners of war who were sent there as a punishment for their atrocities.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

CAUTERIZING AND SOLDERING IRON.—An eminent Frenchman who some time ago invented a cauterizing iron for use in surgery, which could be maintained at any required temperature, has now produced a soldering iron of similar character.

A STEAM TRICYCLE.—In one of the railway material annexes at Paris, is exhibited a new steam tricycle having the boiler under the rider's seat, the hind wheels being driven by a cord from the crank shaft pulley. The engine is a tiny cylinder. The position of the boiler, which, by the way, is of a rather complicated and inexplicable type, commends itself for winter use.

MINERAL OILS.—The storage of mineral oils in lead or zinc vessels should be avoided, as it has been found, remarks a trade journal, that paraffin and petroleum act on these metals. A lamp was found to burn so badly that the wick was charred three times in an evening, and the charred part was found to be nearly all lead. These oils should therefore be kept in enamelled iron cisterns.

WIND VEHICLES.—Wind vehicles, fitted with sails, masts, etc., are now in use on the long stretches of tracks which extend over the western prairies, and the speed rivals that of the fast express. They are employed to convey repairing parties to pumps, telegraph lines, etc., along the route. They are, of course, exceedingly cheap to construct and maintain, and save the labor involved in running a hand car.

READING AND WRITING FOR THE BLIND.—A foreign scientist has constructed instruments for enabling blind persons to write in a way to be understood among themselves, as well as by those who can see, to reckon arithmetically, to write music, and print books. The reading and writing instrument he calls a diplograph, from its twofold character; the blind alphabet being placed letter for letter above the seeing alphabet, as we may call it, on the working apparatus.

CHEMICAL TRANSMUTATIONS.—1. Drop as much sulphate of copper (blue vitriol) into water, just sufficient to make a colorless solution; then add a little ammonia, and the mixture will be intensely blue. 2. Pour a little tincture of litmus into a wineglass, and into another some diluted sulphate of indigo; pour these two blue fluids together, and the mixture will become perfectly red. 3. Take some soda water, or water impregnated with carbonic acid gas, and add to it a little blue tincture of litmus. The above will be changed to red.

IRON AND STEEL.—Recent improvements have so tended to lessen the price of steel, that steel may soon be used instead of iron for ship-building; and ships will then be stronger and lighter than at present. A new process for compressing fluid steel enables manufacturers to produce the highest degree of strength and the utmost possible lightness, while there is a new method of protecting iron by a coating of magnetic oxide, so that it shall never rust. To have iron and steel that will never decay, will open a new era for machinery and manufactures, and for applied science.

NEW MOTOR.—At the French Exposition was shown a motor for the use of sewing and other small machines. It is wound up like any clock-work; to wind it fully 2½ minutes are required—the machine will then go on for 20 minutes. The motor can then be rewound while still at work, so that no delay need occur; and a break-block and lever, to be governed with one foot, enable the worker to obtain any degree of speed, and to stop the machine in a second. The apparatus is fitted up with a governor to insure uniformity of speed, and the exhibitor affirms that the regularity of motion thus obtained allows better work to be produced, and saves the sewing-machine from being used out in a short time.

FEMININITIES.

Moving for a new trial—courting a second wife.

Boston ladies while promenading on the streets carry bouquets.

The first indication of domestic happiness is the love of one's home.

Elopement, marriage, twins and divorce have happened to an Indiana girl within a year.

A Spanish woman walks in the Paris boulevards leading a dove tied to a piece of ribbon.

The men of the United States get the credit of being the most respectful to women in the world.

When a woman comes to the door and calls "Hen-RE-E" you may know that she is not in a capital humor.

A woman's tongue never runs down; but it is often ill-natured and voluble enough to run down almost everything else.

A civic youth, intending to offer marriage to a young lady wrote to ask her to unite with him in the formation of an 'Art Union.

A woman was recently offered $1,100 if she would remain silent for two hours. At the end of fifteen minutes she asked "Isn't the time nearly up."

An enterprising young man in Iowa helped his wife, while courting her, to out rage enough to make sixty yards of carpet to start housekeeping on.

A Washington lady gave birth to five children the other day, and her husband planted a paregoric patch at once, and went up to a furniture store and left an order for a crate of cradles.

Photographs of Queen Victoria, Empress of India are being circulated in that country by the cartload. They represent the Empress as an angelic creature of sweet sixteen with long wavy hair, and wearing silk stockings with instep strap and buckle.

This is the season when the girl whose father has kicked her lover out of doors, packs up a few things, writes an eight-page letter to her mother, drops a clothes line from her window, and at midnight, when silence reigns, raises the sash, and seeing how very dark it is—jumps into bed as fast as she can.

A crack-brained young man, who was slighted by the females, very modestly asked a young lady whether she would let him spend the evening with her. "No, that's what I won't," she replied. "You needn't be so fussy," he replied, "I didn't mean this evening, but some stormy one when I can't go anywhere else."

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Luck.—mere luck—may make even madness.

"Yesterday" has been poetically called "elder brother of to-day."

There would be fewer young fools if there were more wise elders.

None but Heaven and the poor know what the poor do for each other.

True politeness consists in being easy one's self, and making every one about one as easy.

A generous man will place the benefits he confers beneath his feet; those he receives nearest his heart.

The sight of a drunkard is a better sermon against that vice than the best that ever was preached upon it.

They who respect themselves will be honored, but they who do not care about themselves will be despised.

Justice is a duty—generosity is a virtue. Yet the world is too apt to regard the first as a favor, and the latter as a folly.

Four things are grievously empty; a head without brains, a wit without judgment, a heart without honesty, and a purse without money.

Pythagoras gave this excellent precept: Choose always the way that seems the best, however rough it may be. Custom will render it easy and agreeable.

To write a good hand, wear a good coat, and keep a good character, are the three great requisites for a young man who has his own way to make in the world.

Wit loses its respect with the good when seen in company with malice; and to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast, is to become a principal in the mischief.

Tears do not dwell long upon the cheeks of youth. Rain drops easily from the bud, rests on the bosom of the maturer flower, and breaks down that which hath lived its day.

Society is generally supposed to give the last polish to education; but, perhaps, there is nothing like a little adversity to bring about that healthiness of feeling which alone fits a man for society.

The Two Watches.

"Well, children," said grandpapa, "if you will all sit very quietly, I'll tell you a story."

This was quite enough for the children, who rushed together helter-skelter from all parts of the nursery, and took up their positions, two on his knees, and three at his feet, while grandpapa began his story.

Many years ago, on the borders of one of the thickest forests of Germany, there lived a man named Wilhelm Gutzeit. He was a man of simple habits, and earned sufficient to keep his family in comfort, by following the occupation of a wood carver and toy-maker; having when young stayed for some time in Switzerland, he had there learnt the art of delicate wood-carving, for which the Swiss are so noted, and his handiwork always met with a ready sale when he carried it to the nearest town twice a year.

Years before, his wife had died, leaving him with two children, named Fritz and Lischen, who had been taken care of and trained by their grandmother, a woman universally respected for her high principle and industrious habits; but while desiring to do her duty by her little charges, she did not sufficiently understand or sympathise with them to share in their joys and sorrows, and often over-tasked their childish capacity and strength in her anxiety to bring them up in habits of industry. The good woman made the mistake of forgetting she had once been young, and could not see why they should require play, and not be proud and satisfied to do the work of grown-up people: and so, poor children, though well cared for, they often had dreary times, and could not help showing their distaste for work and wish for play, in a restless irritability, very trying to the good woman. They, in their turn, regarded her with more fear than love, and often found it extremely difficult to persevere in their allotted tasks.

Their house was a pattern of cleanliness and it was Lischen's duty after breakfast to clear away the morning meal, and tidy up the already clean room. Then the care of the sleeping-rooms was entrusted to her; and if a hapless speck of dust should be left, Dame Gretchen's quick eye never failed to discover it, and poor Lischen was made to do her work again. Then she was expected to help her grandmother in the dairy-work, or washing, or whatever was the occupation of the day; and there was always something to do, as Lischen's father was able to keep two cows and some goats; and she had to set the table for the mid-day meal.

Fritz, meanwhile, was employed in cutting and bringing in wood, drawing water, digging the plot of ground which yielded their vegetables, and, in short, keeping everything in order outside their dwelling, his father requiring all possible time for his rather tedious occupation, as they depended solely on his exertions. After dinner they would sit down with the cleanest of hands and faces and the neatest of dress, for on this Dame Gretchen insisted; then Lischen was initiated into the mysteries of stocking knitting, plain work, and spinning, for the Dame regarded idleness as one of the greatest sins, and tried to instil this idea into the mind of the little girl. But this was the time poor Lischen always felt most inclined to rebel, and would look with longing eyes into the sunlight beyond their little garden on to the green shade of the woods, and envy the birds their liberty, or wish herself a squirrel to roam at will with no long stockings to knit, and wondering whether she should ever wear out those that already her busy fingers had knitted.

All this time Fritz was taught by his father the first lessons in wood-carving, and soon learned to make the rough tops that are sold in cheap boxes for the amusement of children; and it was not until their tasks had been scrupulously completed that they were allowed to run and have a game together.

In the evening their father would lay aside his work, and instruct them in reading and writing; and then, as he, like all Germans, possessed a considerable knowledge of music, he had trained his children to take and sustain their separate parts in singing; and the day was always finished with singing, closed by some of the grand old hymns the reformers delighted in. The children themselves had learned to love the last hour of the day, and so it always emphatically ended in harmony.

One day, before the winter set in, the good Wilhelm had decided to make a journey to the neighboring town to dispose of the fruits of his summer industry, as the state of the roads made travelling impossible later in the season; and it had been decided that the Dame should accompany him, to lay in a store of articles necessary for housekeeping during the long dreary months when they were compelled to remain at home, and to buy warm clothing for all the family in preparation for the coming cold weather.

So the children were to have a whole holiday to themselves; and they obtained permission to take a long afternoon ramble in the woods. The eventful morning arrived; and after many charges to the children to clear up the house, to feed the cattle, and to take care of themselves, the father and grandmother set off on their journey.

Like all children, Fritz and Lischen revelled in the sense of liberty, so new to them, and their first impulse was to start off at once to the woods; but a sense of duty prevailed, and they scrupulously performed all their duties in the house before they attempted the ramble they both so longed for.

At length all was finished, and they bounded off for a long afternoon in the woods. The time passed quickly, their enjoyment was unbounded; they gathered flowers for garlands, they picked the sweet berries and nuts, they watched the squirrels as they played, and at last sat down in a mossy nook to rest themselves and talk over their interests and troubles.

"Oh, Fritz! is not this delightful!" exclaimed Lischen. "How I wish we could come here every day don't you?"

"Yes," sighed Fritz. "I wonder why there should be so much work for children to do when it is so pleasant and beautiful out of doors. I hate all that stupid cutting and carving, it is so tiresome," he cried, impatiently.

"Oh! but, Fritz," said his sister, "it is much worse for me to sit over a long stocking, and knit, knit, only those horrid rows round and round, with no change, no pattern, and hear that dreadful click, click, of the needles. Your work is interesting; you can always make something new and pretty."

"Yes, but I get so cramped sitting so still, I feel sometimes that I must jump up and run right away; and then the very birds seem to mock us as they fly about, and come and peep in at the window. I always feel like a prisoner, they have nothing to do, and yet they are taken care of."

"I wonder," exclaimed Fritz, "why we cannot eat berries when we are hungry like they do?"

"And wear feathers," suggested Lischen, "and then there would be no clothes to make."

"Peep! peep! peep!" said a little bird, just above their heads. Both the children looked up and saw a little brown bird on the branch within reach of them; but what was their astonishment to hear it begin, in a shrill piping voice, to utter these words.

"All a mistake, my dear children! All a mistake! We birds have a great deal to do, and no hands like you to make use of in doing it; indeed, when I built my first nest I felt very much as you do; I thought I should never finish it, and felt very much inclined to give it up, until I went to a good fairy, who lives in these woods, and she taught me a secret that made everything quite easy; and I know she has some wonderful present she gives to all children who ask, that, I have heard, wonderfully assists them with what they have to do, and takes off all the difficulty, until work becomes quite pleasant."

"Oh, do tell us where she lives," cried both the children at once, "and tell us the secret."

"That I cannot do," said the bird "but if you will follow me, I will show you where the fairy lives, and she is so good and kind, that I know she would give you a present if you only ask her."

"Oh, thank you, we will go at once," said Fritz.

"And will it really make our work easier?" asked Lischen.

"Yes," answered the bird, "you can do almost anything you try if you can procure one of these wonderful little instruments."

"Oh, how nice it will be; and then I shall be able to do all grandmother's work."

And I," said Fritz, "shall be able to carve animals like father does;" but at this moment the little bird flew off to another tree, and they, fearful of losing sight of it, followed as quickly as they could. It flew from tree to tree, sometimes alighting on the ground in front of them, and before long they found themselves in a natural avenue of fine arching trees, at the end of which was an open space of soft green turf. At one side was a railing, in which was a gate: on this the bird settled, and turning round, said: "I have now done all in my power for you, the rest must be left to yourselves. Open this gate, go straight to the palace, ask for the princess, and tell her what you want; also tell any one who tries to stop you that little Twitter-Twee sent you, and they will let you pass."

"Thank you," said the children, "we will do as you have told us"

"Good-bye! and success to you," answered the little bird, and off he flew.

Left to themselves, the children opened the gate, and after threading their way through the shrubs and trees around them, found themselves in a beautiful garden with flowers and rich ripe tempting fruit; but they were so eager to see the fairy that they scarcely stopped to look at these, but hurried forward to the palace. On arriving at the door, a porter opened it and asked them what they wanted—"We met a little brown bird in the woods named Twitter-Twee; he sent us here, and we want to see the good princess."

On hearing this the servant showed them up a flight of handsome stairs into an elegantly furnished room, and they soon found they were face to face with a beautiful lady, whom they rightly supposed to be the princess.

"Who are you, little children, and what do you want?" she asked them kindly.

It was Fritz's turn to be shy now; but Lischen, emboldened by the kind voice and encouraging look of the lady, answered in a modest tone:

"If you please, ma'am, we have a great deal of work to do, and often feel very tired; but we met little Twitter-Twee in the woods, and he told us that if we came to you that you would give us something that would make our work quite easy for us."

On hearing this the good princess asked them where they lived, and inquired what work they had to do. When she had drawn from them the story of their lives, the history of their distaste for work, and their struggles to do right and please their parents, she said, with a smile, "I shall have pleasure in helping you, my little ones. I never give one of these little trinkets to any one unless they ask for them; and I am never so pleased as when people, and particularly children, ask my assistance. And," added she, "I never *instruct* them to idle children, for the keeping them in order depends entirely on your own conduct; and I require you to bring them to show me very frequently that I may know they are taken care of and kept bright. I am going to add to them a little golden chain that you may always carry them about with you, and which will be a great help in keeping them in order. They will help you in every kind of work it you make good use of them; but, of course, should you forget to wear them, or in any way neglect them, they will prove of little assistance to you. If this should happen you must repair them yourselves, for which I will provide you with directions. If, however, they get out of order from no fault of your own, come to me and I will put them in order." So saying, she placed in their hands two exquisite gold watches, attached to gold chains, of the most delicate workmanship. "Try to remember," she added, "never to come down in the morning without them; if you do you will be sure to fall in everything, so directly you discover the neglect always hasten to repair it."

The children, as you may suppose, were highly delighted, and it was with very bright eyes and pleased looks they thanked their kind benefactress.

"Remember what I have said, and be sure to let me see them frequently." She then wished them good-bye, and they proceeded on their homeward journey.

They had some difficulty in finding the way, for in their eagerness to follow the bird they had not carefully noticed by which road they had come; but when doubtful, on taking out their little watches they found that they soon showed them the right direction, and by their help the children soon threaded their way through the mazes of the forest, and quickly arrived at their own door. When they got in they both set to work with good will. Lischen kindled a fire, set the table, cooked the supper, and made all cheerily comfortable against the return of the travellers; while Fritz fed the animals, shut up the goats for the night, and make ready the stable for the tired horse.

When the good man and his mother returned they found as cosy a home and as warm a welcome as any reasonable people could wish for after a cold ride; and when they had supped the little ones were eager to tell their father of their adventures, and display their presents. After he had listened to all they had to tell, he drew them to him, saying:

"My children, I have tried and proved the value of one of these watches for many years: without it I could not have succeeded in my work, or given you the comforts I have been able to do, and I have been most anxious that you should each possess one; but, remember, it is as the good princess told you—the assistance they will render entirely depends on the use you make of them. If kept bright and clear they work wonders."

"Is it not kind of the princess to give them to us, father?" said Lischen.

"Yes, my child; and I am glad you have so soon discovered the way to her palace. She never refuses to give these watches to any one who asks for them, and is never so pleased as when so solicited for help; she always has a plentiful supply in store."

"How is it, then, my father, that thou hast never told us of them before?" inquired Fritz.

"My son, all must go of their own free will, and the good fairy watches, and takes care to let all her subjects know of their existence, when she considers them fitted to possess them."

Next day Dame Gretchen was unusually busy, and as if to atone for the holiday she had been obliged to give the children, seemed to expect more than double work from them.

Poor Lischen was sorely tried, and she had to look at her watch many times that day, before all the numerous tasks required of her were completed; but her brave spirit conquered, and when the day was over, even Dame Gretchen herself declared that Lischen had been dutiful and industrious, which, from her, was unusually high praise.

Fritz, too, had greatly pleased his father, who had brought home new patterns from the town, and the boy, with the aid of his little watch, had succeeded in copying a pretty carved bird, which his father declared was by far the best work he had ever done, and he did not now despair of making a good workman of him.

Time passed on, and the children grew and steadily improved. They learned to value their watches and tried hard to keep them in good order. They took the greatest care to keep them bright, and although sometimes they would forget them for a short time, yet they had been so watchful that the watches had never actually stopped; and if occasionally they lost a little, the children were always anxious to repair the mischief, and would often walk out with their father and grandmother to the palace, where they never failed to meet with a kind welcome and a word of encouragement.

The good result from their efforts appeared to every one as they grew up. When Fritz was twenty-five, and Lischen two years older, he was the finest wood-carver in the neighborhood, and his work was so sought after, that he was in a fair way to make his fortune, and Dame Gretchen would take her neighbors and show them with pride the large coffer filled with the finest of house-linen, the best knitted stockings and the neatest-made garments, and say these were all made by Lischen.

And now, my little friends, who have hard lessons and work you dislike, take courage from the example of these little German children. The good princess lives within reach of you all, and she is ready to give you these watches if you really wish to possess them. Well, then, to help you make a beginning, I will be Twitter-Twee and direct you where to find her. Walk in the very straightest path, you can find her. Her name is Good Principle, and if you appeal to her for assistance she will give you the little watch called Patience, and add the chain of Perseverance to enable you to always carry it about with you. Try them, dear children; keep them bright, and with their help you will overcome mountains of difficulty, and every work you undertake will seem comparatively easy and be well done.

The honor of the invention of movable types has been disputed by two cities, Harlem and Mentz. The claims of Harlem rest chiefly upon a statement of Hadrien Junius, who gave it upon the testimony of Cornelius, alleged to be a servant of Lawrence Coster, for whom the invention is claimed. The claims of Mentz, which appear to be more conclusive, are in favor of Peter Schauffer, the assistant and son-in-law of John Faust, better known as Dr. Faustus. The celebrated Bible, commonly known as the Mentz Bible, without date, is the first important specimen of printing with movable metal types. This was executed by Gutenberg and Faust, or Fust, as it is sometimes spelled, between the years 1450 and 1455. The secret of the method then becoming known presses were speedily established in all parts of Europe.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Fresh Air.—It is difficult to make people understand that food in animals, as well as in plants, is largely derived from the air, and that good pure air can only supply what nature demands from the atmosphere. Muddy and filthy barns turn out lean cattle.

Poultry in Winter.—As winter is coming on, it is a good plan to line the inside of the poultry-house with tarred paper, as it not only affords greater warmth, but prevents the increase of vermin. Then, with only one breed of chickens allowed the run of the place, they will be healthy and profitable.

Cattle and Milch Cows.—Young growin cattle and milch cows need shelter in cold weather, and they thrive best on feed ground or steamed, and it takes so much less feed when properly prepared in this way: with little a roughness, fodder or straw, the young cattle are kept growing all winter, and the milch cows will give plenty of good milk.

To Keep Cider Sweet.—Make the cider of good, clean, sound apples, after the weather turns cool; put it in good barrels, perfectly clean (any taint in old barrels will spoil the cider.) To a 40-gallon barrel of pure fresh cider put in six eggs, white and yolks well beaten; then add two tablespoonfuls of salt to hasten the clarifying; skew off once a week for three or four times and you will have good cider that will keep good.

Horses and the Colic.—When a horse shows the symptoms of an attack of colic, apply at once a horse cloth, or woolen rug wrung out of boiling water, to the belly and up the sides, and cover with another couple of cloths to retain the heat. As they cool, renew the cloths as often as needful. A large bran poultice; as hot as can be borne, is equally effective and retains the heat longer.

Butter and Turnips.—An old butter-maker claims that where turnips have been fed to milch cows and the strong taste incorporated in the milk, then when the milk is put into the pans, to every eight quarts of milk mix one of boiling water. This will annihilate the taste of the turnips, and facilitate the rising and the churning of the cream. But do not attempt to put such butter up for keeping; use it, or sell it for immediate consumption.

Justice in Prices.—The man who shall devise a system of trade between farm producers on the one hand and consumers of farm produce on the other, so that the farmer shall get his share of the money, paid by consumers, will prove himself a great benefactor of his race. As business is now done, farmers are kept poor by the low prices paid them for their productions, and consumers, especially of the operative classes that work in mills, and elsewhere, are made poorer by the extortionate prices demanded by the handlers of farm productions between producers and consumers.

The Care of Sheep.—Keep sheep dry under foot with clean litter. Never let them stand or lie in the mud or snow. If a ewe loses her lamb, milk her daily for a few days, and mix a little alum with her salt. Never frighten sheep if possible to avoid it. Separate sick or thin sheep from those that are strong, and give them special care. If a leg is broken, bind it with splinters tightly, loosening as the limb swells. If a sheep is lame, examine its foot, clean out between the hoofs; if unsound, apply tobacco, with blue vitriol boiled in a little water. Shear at once any sheep commencing to shed its wool unless the weather is too severe.

R. R. R.

DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA,
CHOLERA MORBUS,
FEVER AND AGUE
Cured and Prevented
BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
DIPHTHERIA,
SORE THROAT, INFLUENZA,
DIFFICULT BREATHING
Relieved in a Few Minutes
BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Bowel Complaints,

Looseness, Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS

For headache, whether sick or nervous; rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swellings of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn, and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days will effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents.

Dr. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

BE IT CREATED IN THE Lungs or Stomach, Skin or Bones, Flesh or Nerves, CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swellings, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, The Dolorous, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Sore and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption,

Liver Complaint, Etc.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

OVARIAN TUMOR
OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH CURED
—BY—
DR. RADWAY'S REMEDIES.
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32 Warren Street, New York.

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COMPOUND OXYGEN The new cure for Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Headache, etc., by a revitalizing process. **REMARKABLE CURES** of Chronic and Nervous Diseases, which are attracting wide attention. **REFER BY PERMISSION** To Rt. Rev. Jno. J. Keane, Bishop of Richmond, Va.; Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, Gen. Fitz Henry Warren, T. S. Arthur, and others who have used and been largely benefited by this treatment. **SENT FREE!** Brochure (20 pp.) with many testimonials to most remarkable cures. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard St., Phila.

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75 BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS AND NEW Years' Cards. (Original Designs.) No two alike. 15 cts. 3 cent stamps taken. D. THOMAS & CO., P. O. Box 1687 Phila.

EVERYBODY, sick or well, should read the "Popular Medical Monthly." Sent on trial for six months for only 10 cents. S. T. Reller, M. D., Dunkirk, New York.

BIG PAY to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. Taylor Bros. & Co., Cleveland, O.

A $27 volume monthly STICKY PAPER sent your way, 25 GOLD LILY CARDS, with name, in GOLD case, 25 cts. EAGLE PRINTING CO., Springfield, Vt. FREE

CLEAR Havana Small Cigars "Graduates," (2 inches) $7 per 1000. Sample box by mail 30 cents. J. M. AGUERO, 208 Sixth Ave., N. Y.

RUPTURE CURED.—This is not a truss advertisement. Address G. L. Gerard, New Haven, Conn.

HALF Pound Choice Reading, assorted, mailed for 25c. by W. L. Moody, Publisher, Rome, Pa.

60 New style Cards, Gold Border, Chromo, Motto, etc., name Gold & Jet, 10c. Star Card Co., Clintonville, Ct.

LOOK HERE!—20 Lovely Chromo Cards, 10c. Samples of Photo. Cards, 3c. S. S. PERRY, Nassau, N. Y.

50 Snowflake, Chromo, etc. CARDS, name in Gold and Jet, 10c. U. S. Card Co. Northford, Conn.

40 Fine Cards, no two alike, name and fancy case, 10 cts. E. D. GILBERT, P. M. Higganum, Ct.

18 ELEGANT NEW STYLE CHROMO CARDS with name, 10 cts., postpaid. Geo. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

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75 Transparent Visiting Cards (Hidden Scenes) 15 cents. A. F. Slade, Readville, Mass.

How to Get Goods from the City Cheaply and Safely.

JOHN WANAMAKER,

Grand Depot, Thirteenth St., Philada.

Desiring to extend our business with the residents of the towns and villages adjacent to Philadelphia, we have been for the past twelve months carefully organizing a

Mail and Express Department.

We made no special announcement of it until now, that we have perfected our plans. Gradually, however, the people have discovered it, and already hundreds of letters arrive daily, and wagon loads of goods are shipped by post and express. The people are delighted to find that the same exact attention is given to a letter or postal card as a customer has when here in person. Letters of thanks reach us like this:

"The goods ordered from you have arrived, and everything is satisfactory. I could not be more pleased if I had made the selection myself. Please accept thanks for your prompt and careful attention. Respectfully, MRS. ——."

"Allow me to thank you for so satisfactorily attending to my order, and permit me to say that I consider your samples much more desirable than those received from houses in other large cities where I have been dealing. Very respectfully, MRS. ——."

The fact is that we systematize everything, so that each line of a letter is READ and heeded, and those who select the goods ordered are instructed to

Represent the Customer and not the House.

After the selection is made, and before the goods are packed for forwarding, a lady of taste and judgment inspects the articles, and if they are not considered just what is wanted they are not sent, but another selection is made. The point kept in view is

TO SUIT THE CUSTOMER,

and we send NOTHING if we do not have or cannot get what the customer writes for. The excellent taste of our Lady Superintendent gives such perfect satisfaction that we are frequently requested to leave the selections entirely to her good judgment. Many persons have been discouraged from ordering goods by letter because gentlemen have so little idea of what suits a lady, and "Order Departments" generally are run by lads or by clerks who "between times" rattle off whatever approaches customers orders.

All this is obviated by the complete and beautiful system now working in a special room, fitted up solely for our Mail and Express Department for samples and supplies. The clerks are only such as are methodical and attend to the

MINUTEST DETAILS.

The Chief of this Bureau is one of the best business men we can get.

The plan of business through the Department is as follows:

Any one wishing to purchase or to make inquiries, writes for samples and information, naming the kinds of goods desired, with whatever description of colors, qualities, etc., may be convenient.

A reply is immediately sent, enclosing samples, the style of which is registered in the Patent Office, with actual widths and lowest prices, which are the only ones attached.

Upon receipt by the customer, a selection is made at leisure, with time to inspect the qualities of the goods, after which the order, enclosing samples selected, is mailed, and upon reaching us is given immediate attention.

When it is considered that these orders come pouring into the Grand Depot by hundreds from every part of the United States, it must be seen at once that perfect system in executing them is indispensable. The rapidity yet accuracy with which they are handled is truly astonishing.

Upon receipt of a mail one person opens the envelope and reads the letters, passing those containing remittances to a special clerk, who takes a precise account of their contents, after which they with the other orders, are passed rapidly from desk to desk until, after being recorded, registered, numbered, &c., they are handed to those whose duty it is to procure the goods from the departments of the establishment.

This work is commenced at once, and so swiftly yet carefully performed that frequently by the time the persons opening the mail have reached the last letters the goods for some of the first are ready. The others speedily follow. Everything is then carefully recompared with the letters, measured, counted and inspected for the second times the bills are made out, goods wrapped or packed, packages marked, entered in shipping books, and rapidly transferred to the wagons, which at short intervals convey loads to the post, express and railroad offices.

The system is so nearly perfect that for an entire mail to pass through this routine requires but a few hours, and when especial haste is desired, a much shorter time. Should any articles sent not fall to be as expected, they may be returned for exchange, or, if preferred, the money will be cheerfully refunded. This gives those who order every protection that could be enjoyed if the goods were purchased personally at the counters.

If there be a question as to

The Best Place to Buy.

Allow us to submit for your consideration the following facts:

1. No other house in Philadelphia carries a retail stock of a million of dollars.

2. There is no place in the United States, where, under one roof, there is such a variety of goods. Instead of numerous packages, with expense on each, from different houses, the whole of an order can be filled at once.

3. Enormous sales give us the freshest and newest goods all the time.

4. Uniform low prices prevail for everything. Goods are not marked up at the outstart of season and frightfully reduced. We start at the low prices that many of the storekeepers end with at the close of the season.

5. A sufficiently extensive trade in all parts of the United States enables us to make it profitable to keep goods suited to all wants, both city and country.

6. Manufacturing extensively and importing directly, guarantees of lowest prices.

Further details, with samples, will be mailed free upon application.

LIST OF DEPARTMENTS IN GRAND DEPOT.

A—Black and Colored Silks.
B—Mourning Goods.
C—Dress Goods.
D—Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods.
E—Woolens, Boys' Wear and Ladies' Cloakings, etc.
F—Notions, Jewelry, Fans, etc.
G—Linens and House-Furnishing Goods.
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THE LOST SUMMER.

The swallows all have taken flight
  Across the dreary sea,
The flowers that made the Summer bright
  Are dying on the lea;
And in November's darker glooms
  The robins sit and sing,
Where late among the apple blooms
  The blackbird plumed the wing.

And sadly sighing through the wood,
  The breezes come to say,
"Oh golden Summer, bright and good,
  You make too short a stay!
For had you linger'd with us yet,
  Our breath would still be mild,
But stern old Winter makes us fret
  In tempest fierce and wild."

So has it been with thee, poor heart;
  If Summer had but stay'd,
If thine had been that pleasant part
  For which thy youth-time pray'd,—
If Winter had not fall'n on thee
  Ere June's sweet hours were run,—
God knows, it might have kept thee free
  From much that thou hast done!

But in the frosts that Winter brought
  The violets could not bloom,
And never more will earth be fraught
  For thee with such perfume.
Yet far beyond the silver track
  Of countless stars, they say,
Our earth-lost Summer will come back
  To make a longer stay.

POMEROY ABBEY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X—[CONTINUED.]

"He must have been mad!" groaned Guy. "The degenerate hound!—to have wrought this shameful disgrace upon our name!"

"Mr. Hildyard has!" questioned Alice, surprised into asking the question, her own grievances giving momentary place to her curiosity.

"Not Hildyard: That wicked brother of mine—Rupert."

The truth was, Mr. Hildyard, deeming himself compelled to acquaint the head of the family with the crisis which had taken place in the fortunes (or misfortunes) of one of its members, had tardily sat down the previous evening to accomplish it. And the letter on which Guy's eyes were strained conveyed the same tidings which Rupert had so unceremoniously spoken in a single word to Gaunt—that he had been "whitewashed." Perhaps hardly any other word or deed could have struck so humiliating a wound upon the haughty Lord of Pomeroy.

"He is worse than a serpent!" he raved; and Alice felt daunted as she saw his threatening face. "He is worse than ——"

"Mr. Rupert Pomeroy."

It was Jerome who threw wide the door and announced him.

Rupert came forward. Guy gazed at him as though he were an apparition.

"I had thought you would be alone," spoke Rupert lightly, addressing Guy. "You must have dined late."

The easy manner, the insolent words—insolent in Guy's ear—only added fuel to fire. Dark reproach sat on his face, bitter scorn on his tongue.

Rupert recriminated on his own score; and Mrs. Pomeroy, who stood her ground, and at first was too terrified to do more than stand in a remote corner, at length joined in.

What passed, none, apart from themselves, ever knew, but the storm terrified those of the servants who heard it.

Jerome, nearly out of his senses, stayed in the ante-room; perhaps to keep others away. They gathered in the corridors and on the stairs. It ended by the Lord of Pomeroy's dashing open the door and ordering the servants to thrust his brother forth.

They would have done it; they dared not disobey the Lord when he had that temper upon him, or indeed at any other time, but Rupert walked forth of his own accord.

Exaggerated tales of the interview went forth to the village.

Mrs. Pomeroy passed swiftly out of the dining room in the wake of Rupert, and went to her child in the nursery. It was wailing a low wail of complaint or of pain. Mrs. Pomeroy took it, but it would not be soothed; there was still the same low wail; not a cry.

"I cannot think what's the matter with her," exclaimed Bridget. "She has never cried like this; when she does cry, it is like all other children, loud enough for half the abbey to hear, but not this strange pining wail."

No; Mrs. Pomeroy might try her best; the infant would not be tranquilized. Was it wailing for the distress coming on its home?

Tired at length with her efforts to soothe it, for a little thing soon tired Mrs. Pomeroy, she gave it back to Bridget, went to her room, and rang for her maid.

Theresa appeared nearly in a state of collapse; she feared that her lady must have had something to do with the cause of the quarrel that had so alarmed them all.

"Which bed chambers have been prepared for the guests to-morrow?"

"All that were available, I think, madam," was the reply of Theresa. "All on this floor; and some of those above-stairs."

"Is the small room at the side of the north corridor, next to the blue room, ready?"

"Yes, madam, I know it is, for I helped to take the linen to the different rooms, and that was one."

"Carry my things there."

She had gradually (impressed, no doubt, with her own exalted dignity as Lady of Pomeroy) been getting into a habit of speaking imperiously to her servants, even to Theresa, therefore this curtness was no new thing. But the woman doubted in what sense to take the words.

"Remove all my things to that room, I say," repeated Mrs. Pomeroy. "Now. Call some one to help you. It will be mine henceforth instead of this."

Theresa was surprised.

"And the Lord's things also?" she asked.

"Mine, I said!" was the sharp retort of Mrs. Pomeroy.

She went outside, passed into one of the transverse corridors, and stood at its end window, apparently gazing into the court-yard. In reality she was gazing within her, at her own outraged heart.

Rupert's offence in "whitewashing" himself might be very humiliating, but what was that to her?—all her compassion was spent upon herself—all her bitter rage was given to Guy for the false trick he had played her. Her hands were clasped until the nails pressed her sharply; but what cared she then for bodily pain.

A short while, and she turned to make her way to the dining room, where she had left her husband.

He was not there. She found him in the saloon where they generally sat after dinner; that gorgeously fitted-up room which Guy had made all gilding and beauty for her; a contrast to their own dark spirits just now.

The mirrors reflected their countenances, and Mrs. Pomeroy's was a scowling one; but she had made a compact with herself to be cool and contemptuous, rather than fierce. They had had enough of fierceness for one evening.

Guy sat in one of the dainty chairs, calm, save that his eye was restless.

His wife went up and stood in front of him; she placed her hands before her, one over the other, as a school-girl does when repeating a lesson to her governess, and began in a measured tone, steadily looking at him.

"Why did you bring this misery upon us?"

His gray eye flashed.

"I have brought no misery. You will bring it upon yourself, if you behave as you behaved to-night."

"You have brought a misery upon us that will never end but with our lives. It never shall end."

"Speak for yourself," he rejoined.

"I do; but I also speak for you, Lord of Pomeroy. You shall go your way, and I will go mine; we are strangers from this hour."

"Perhaps you would like to go your way with Rupert," retorted the Lord, speaking, though, in the plentitude of his security that such a catastrophe could no more take place than that the stars could shine at noonday. She and Rupert had both provoked him that evening unjustifiably by their incautious reproaches to him.

"No," she replied, catching up her breath with a gasp, and her face turning to crimson, "you have barred that for ever."

His lips parted, she thought to laugh, and closed again.

She was mistaken there; nothing could be much further from Guy Pomeroy's heart and lips that night than laughter.

Alice resumed:

"Why did you do so? Why did you come to me with that wicked tale—knowing it was false?"

"I had two motives," he coolly replied. "One was, that I loved you; I was dying for you; the other was, that I would save you from him. Allow that he was not guilty in that one case, other cases could have been told you against him. Had you been suffered to marry him, he would have toyed with your heart for a month, and then broken it."

"I was dying for Rupert," she returned, in a low tone, whose passion was kept down, while the large tear-drops of regret filled her eyes. "Far rather would I have been his wife for a month, though my heart had been broken, than yours to eternity."

He suppressed his just indignation. No one, save himself, knew what it cost him to do it, or how bitterly she was trying him.

"You shall not repeat such language to me, Alice; it is a shame for you to utter it."

"You have heard it before," was the agitated reply. "I told you, in the very hour you came forth to win me with your falsehood, that I loved your brother with an all enduring love; I told you I should never love you. You have not forgotten."

No, that he had not. Often enough had he winced at the remembrance of the words.

"On the day before our wedding a thought occurred—it must have been some good spirit sent it to me—what if you were deceiving me? and I put the question deliberately to you," she continued. "Do you remember your answer? I prayed you to tell me true; I said that should it ever come to light, later, that you were so deceiving me, it would be bad for both of us. It has now come."

Guy rose from his chair.

"Let us have done with this, Alice," he said, in a tone of conciliation.

"Done with it?" she repeated. "Yes, presently, when I have finished; but its effects will never be done with. Guy Pomeroy, I will no longer be your wife; never again; never, never!"

He smiled.

"Yes, you will."

"Never again," she murmured. "I would not do so wickedly; for my whole love is Rupert's. I thought that love was conquered; I did, indeed; but the sight of him has shown me my mistake. The fact is, since I became your wife I have striven to keep it under; been suppressing his image in my mind; I would not suffer it to rise, I would not dwell upon it. Henceforward I will cherish it and live upon it; so you see how impossible it is that I can stay here to be your wife."

Guy's lips were turning livid.

"Have you any sense of shame left?" he asked.

And he did not speak without cause; for surely she could possess little, thus to boldly beard her husband.

"You may get a separation: a divorce; anything you please," she continued. "The sooner the better. And then you can bring home another to be the Lady of Pomeroy."

He caught her by the arm.

"You cannot beat me," she said. "The chivalrous Lords of Pomeroy do not beat women."

"You will tempt me to it, Alice, if you drive me to desperation," returned Guy; who, considering his fiery nature, was keeping his temper marvellously well. "Hold your peace, lady."

"When I have said what I wish to say. At present, until these people who are expected shall have come and gone, there must be an appearance of amity between us; after that, I shall consider what to do; probably go home to my mother. But while these gossiping crowds are here, let us play a part; all smiling suavity when before them; strangers when not."

"You pretty little schemer!" he laughed, a shade of contempt in his tone. "The Lords of Pomeroy don't part with their wives thus easily; although you seem so willing to resign your baby."

She looked up with a startled glance.

"I should take my baby with me."

"Oh dear no," replied the Lord of Pomeroy. "If you leave my home upon a whim, you do not take my child."

"The law would give it me."

"Alice, it would not!"

And Guy was right.

"Do you know," she whispered, struggling to maintain her calmness, "that you are tempting me to hate you with a double hatred. You have brought woe upon me forever. I feel as a caged bird, barred in from love and from life; barred by you. I disliked you, Guy, before we married. I hate you now!"

"You are bold, my lady."

"But for my own good name, and that the child may grow up to call me mother, I would have quitted your roof this night; aye, though the step would have flung me into the arms of Rupert. There was a demon tempting me—had it been only to take my revenge on you."

"If you do not cease, I will have you confined as a madwoman," cried Guy. "Surely you must be mad to inflict upon yourself this humiliation!"

"I have nearly said my say. To-morrow, before my guests, you will find me all smiles and polite speeches again. My things are being removed to the small room in the north wing, and that will be mine as long as I remain in the abbey."

He leaned towards her, hissing rather than speaking; the haughty Pomeroy temper was being stung cruelly by these insults.

"If you attempt to leave your own apartments, I will bar you up in them—and come and attend you as your keeper. You are mad, Alice!"

"You won me by a lie," she returned greatly agitated; "and, now that I know it, I am not bound to obey you. If a thief should steal a shilling, though he may get it into his possession, it is not legally or morally his. Did you forget the prediction?—the woe it threatens?"

Guy retorted with scorn:

"Prediction? Threatened woe? Tush!—unless you choose to mar the peace of the house and bring it."

"There was to be great woe when that picture was destroyed," she said, catching up her breath.

"Always remember one thing, Alice—that you visited the west wing and the picture in direct disobedience to me. But for that the picture would not have been destroyed. I must try to teach my wife better manners. But I wish to do it in all kindness. You will order your things back to your own room."

"I will not," she steadily answered. "If you attempt to force me to it, I will go this night to my mother. Pretty scandal for the Lord of Pomeroy, when the guests shall arrive to-morrow and find his lady flown!"

Alice called him right; the Lord of Pomeroy; he was both lord and master. She went to the room that had been hers; Guy followed and closed the door.

Bridget, who was near, was startled by the sounds that came from the room; recriminating words from both, though she could not hear their purport; very decisive and haughty ones from the Lord, sobs and wails from her mistress.

Sudden silence supervened. Bridget felt terrified, she hardly knew of what, went to the door with an excuse, and knocked at it.

It was opened instantly by the Lord; he appeared to have been standing near it, and her mistress sat by the table.

Bridget could not see her face distinctly, for the room was only lighted by the large lamp which hung outside in the court yard.

"Did you call me, madam?" she hastened to say. "I thought you might want the baby, but she's asleep now."

"No one called," replied the Lord. "Bridget."

"Sir."

"Some orders of your mistress's have been misapprehended—her things have been carried to the north corridor. Speak to Theresa and have them brought back."

The things were carried back. Mrs. Pomeroy did not gainsay it; and the servants whispered.

Oppose the iron will of Guy Pomeroy? His wife need not have thought it.

When rest and silence fell upon the abbey there appeared to be rest and silence in the lady's chamber; but had one been curious enough to listen, they might have heard the monotonous step of the Lord, pacing it through the better part of the night.

It is an act of madness to pour spirits on a raging fire; little less so to control by angry force the fierce will of an indignant woman.

That Mrs. Pomeroy had not a well regulated mind has been previously observed, lest the reader did not see it for himself; though perhaps none, even of those who had been about her from childhood, suspected how ill-regulated it might become in a season of temptation.

The steps taken by Guy—in this the first moment of her renewed fancy for Rupert and rage against himself—were not judicious ones. Far better that he had let her go to the lonely room, and suffered her indignation to spend itself there for a short while, a few days, and then have tried conciliation.

It might have answered—after a little holding out; for a woman, look you, talk as she may, will think twice before she actually goes the length of quitting her husband's home, or in any way separating herself from him. As it was, Madam Alice Pomeroy was nursing all kinds of reprisals in her revengeful heart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

It seems as if every description of brocaded fabric, in which are to be mentioned brocatelle, velvet, satin damask, and striped materials, are employed in combination with plain materials, whether of silk or wool.

I have made many allusions to the prevailing popularity of the various coats or habits worn with a waistcoat, and they come up so frequently as the most prominent feature of the present fashions, it must necessarily form a prominent part of my reports of what is worn.

Their cut should approach as near perfection as is possible, and with so many materials which are well-suited for this garment, they cannot help being pretty. They are admirably adapted for supplying the desired now waist when the renovation of a dress is being manipulated by home ingenuity, and a yard more of the same material adds all necessary trimmings to the rest of the dress.

These coats may be of plain or ribbed velvet and velveteen, brocade and heavy damasse, and are made with or without a waistcoat; and when one desires a change, a light waistcoat can be added to make it more suitable for evening wear.

Dressmakers find this one of their busiest seasons, and some of the costumes which have engaged their attention are exquisite productions of their art. A costume of black striped silk material was trimmed with many rows of black lace pleatings, each one edged with a narrow white Valenciennes lace. The habit basque was made with long, fish-tail backs, and opened over a white moire vest.

Another costume, which was considered to combine extreme simplicity with distingue elegance, was of an autumn green India cashmere, the skirt was draped in the "washerwoman" style and opened in the middle of the front, at the edge showing a deep pleating of satin which seemed to form the front of the underskirt. Loops of satin ribbon were placed at the top of the opening. A cashmere pleated flounce trimmed with three narrow rows of satin ribbon, the same shade began at each side of this satin pleating and edged the rest of the skirt. At the back the cashmere was draped in panier style with a deep pleating of satin below. The jacket corsage opened over a deep vest of satin which closed at the throat and opened on the chest to display a full pleating or jabot of old lace, the jacket opened wide at the bottom to show the satin waistcoat. The sleeves were very tight and trimmed only at the wrists with lace frills.

Garnet and blue form one of the most popular combinations, and was exquisitely illustrated in a costume of garnet-colored cloth, the short skirt had a deep pleated flounce to the knees of satin in changing shades of red and blue. The tunic is edged with a fold of the same and draped on the hips as a panier. The garnet cloth coat opened over a waistcoat of the changeable satin. The buttons was mother of pearl and gilt.

Among the dressy novelties for home wear are those Louis XIV. jackets of pink and blue foulard, covered with white India muslin and trimmed with lace and embroidery in pale shades of these colors. These jackets are worn with skirts of silk, etc. Lace has never been so abundantly used as now in forming the many little accessories to the toilette and trimmings for dresses, for it is pleated in the neck and forms frills on the wrists, and cascades for the fronts of the vests or corsage, while it is twisted in and out in every conceivable form to produce some pretty coquettish ornamental caps for the head.

Among these pretty novelties in lace is the Pierrot collarette; the foundation is of net, and extends in a rounded form quite deep in front; on this foundation is pleated three rows of Valenciennes lace, with a frill around the neck, and loops of satin ribbon of different colors down the front, mingled with a cascade of lace. Another was of the Moyen age collarette—a reproduction of the style of the "Middle Ages." The outline is a large inverted heart-shape piece, and edged with black velvet, over which is a fall of Valenciennes lace; the centre is composed of fine crepe lisse pleats, arranged diagonally to meet and lap in the centre; a double pleating of crepe lisse forms the neck ruche. The foundation of this should be first cut of net, the velvet and lace are on the edge only, and the centre of the crepe lisse; the pointed end of the heart-shape is cut round so as to fit around the neck.

Among other charming costumes which have been recently exhibited I have taken notes of the following which, while illustrating some of the prevailing types of fashion, will furnish some useful hints towards producing others.

A short costume of garnet India cassmere has a deep kilted flounce on the skirt trimmed with three narrow graduated bias bands of striped Pekin of the same color. The drapery arranged in full folds across the front is trimmed on the edge and and across the centre by similar bias bands, which also form the narrow revers extending from the waist down the sides to the base of the skirt. The coat bodice opens with Pekin revers over a Pekin vest, and a bias band of the Pekin edges the coat all around. The back drapery is simply looped and combined with a scarf of the Pekin which hangs in a square end over the cashmere. cuffs of the cashmere turning back over cuffs of the Pekin with tight cashmere sleeves. I may add here that "Pekin" is the representative term of the striped materials so much in vogue now, whether of silk, satin or velvet, or combining wool and silk.

A very suitable costume for a young girl was composed of fine tartan plaid in blue and green. On the skirt is a deep kilt pleating, the overdress is turned up with a facing of dark blue silk and caught higher up on the right side, a narrow band of the silk, extending around the edge of the back of the overskirt, a pleated silk vest or plastron is inserted in the front of a basque bodice buttoned on each side of the plastron with tiny gilt buttons. A kilt with a gilt buckle is worn with the costume and the sleeves are trimmed with silk cuffs and gilt buttons.

A very tastefully designed house-dress was of dark crimson flannel trimmed with thin pinked quillings of the same down the front, with a narrow drawn puff in the centre, a row of Russian lace is laid on flat under the quillings. A deep gathered flounce on the bottom is turned up with a bias hem and above a row of the lace, to stand up, a narrower gathered flounce with a heading is across the top of this deep flounce in front only and extends slightly up the sides of the front breadths, which are pleated in to the back to simulate a front drapery. Pockets and bows of ribbon conceal the pleats, the back breadths are slightly looped with bows of ribbon, a deep square collar edged with lace trims the neck.

Our Fireside Chat.

Useful Hints about the Potato.—A well-dressed potato has been fixed upon as a test of the merits of a cook. At the meeting of a club committee, specially called for the selection of a cook, the first question put to the candidate was, "Can you boil a potato?"

Not a little depends upon the choice of the potato; some will not bear the cuticle to be taken off before boiling, others seem to be the better for it, and experience must determine whether they are to be put in the pot with their jackets on or stripped: finally, if one variety cannot be found which shall be good from the time of raising till the summer is well advanced, two varieties may be found, one of which will be good when taken up, and the other in spring, and until early potatoes may be obtained.

It is well known that a good potato may be spoiled by bad cooking; and by good management a bad one may be rendered comparatively good. In fact no vegetable depends more on the cooking than a potato. An iron saucepan is preferable to a tin one for boiling potatoes, as it prevents their boiling too fast. The best way is to wash them very clean, then put them on the fire with just cold water enough to cover them; when it has begun to boil throw in a handful of salt, and add a pint of cold water which checks their boiling, and leaves them time to be done through without allowing them to crack. As soon as done (to be ascertained with a fork) pour off the water, and set the saucepan on the fire for a short time, until the remaining moisture is evaporated. If not immediately wanted, do not place on the lid, or the steam will be confined; but cover them with a cloth. New potatoes should not be over-boiled, or they will be tasteless and watery. Potatoes to mash should be boiled firm, as above, then peeled afterwards; break them smooth, adding a little milk and salt and butter.

Count Rumford's directions are as follows:—The potatoes should be as much as possible of the same size, and the large and small ones boiled separately. They must be washed clean, and without paring or scraping put in a pot with cold water, not sufficient to cover them, as they will produce themselves, before they boil, a considerable quantity of fluid. If the potatoes be tolerably large, as soon as they boil throw in some water occasionally, till the potatoes are boiled to the heart, which will take from a half an hour to an hour and a quarter, according to the size; they will otherwise crack and burst to pieces on the outside, whilst the inside will be nearly in a crude state. Throw in a little salt occasionally, and it is certain the slower they are cooked the better. When boiled pour off the water, and evaporate the moisture by replacing the saucepan once more over the fire. This makes them remarkably dry and mealy. They should be brought to table with the skins on.

The potato saucepan is a safe and simple contrivance for cooking potatoes by steam; it consists of a saucepan with a drainer on feet, beneath which is poured about a pint of water, which, as it boils, rises in steam through the potatoes. They should be taken off the moment when done, else, the water having boiled away, they will then become burnt.

To Boil Potatoes (Scottish Method)—Wash the earth off the potatoes, and scrape or pare the skin off, as thinly as possible, not only from motives of economy, but also because the outside of the potato is always the best. Then let them stand soaking in water about two hours; wash them well; put a handful of salt in the saucepan they are to be boiled covering, of course, with cold water, and boil quickly, the quicker the better.

In Ireland this root is cooked so that it may have, as they call it, a bone in it; that is, that the middle of it should not be quite cooked. They are done thus:—Put a gallon of water with two ounces of salt in a large iron pot, boil for about ten minutes, or until the skin is loose, pour the water out of the pot, put a dry cloth on the top of the potatoes, and place it on the side of the fire without water for about twenty minutes and serve. In Ireland turf is the principal article of fuel, which is burnt on the flat hearth—a little of it is generally scraped up round the pot so as to keep up a gradual heat; by this plan the potato is both boiled and baked. Even in those families where such a common art of civilized life as cooking ought to have made some progress, the only improvement they have upon this plan is that they leave the potatoes in the dry pot longer, by which they lose the bone. Such is the account given by Alexis Soyer.

The Lancashire mode of dressing potatoes is admirable; there, contrary to the general practice in the southern parts of England, the potatoes are first peeled. The large potatoes are cut in pieces of the same size as the smaller ones, so that they may boil equally; a little salt is thrown into the water before it begins to boil; when done thoroughly, pour the water from them; then place the saucepan for a very short time on the fire to dry them, and that all may be equally dried, shake the saucepan that those at the bottom may be brought to the top.

To Fry Potatoes.—Peel and slice them thin, or cut them as you would divide an orange; dry them and fry them in boiling lard or dripping, and move the pan until the potatoes are crisp when they should be taken out drained upon a sieve, sprinkled with salt and served.

Potato Ball.—Make mashed potatoes into balls egg yolk; flour them, fry them in dripping, drain them, and brown them before the fire. If not browned, but served with brown source over them, are a *ragout a; potatoes.*

The potatoe fibre is an excellent ingredient for a pudding. You should take two spoonfuls of the fibre after it has been strained through a hair sieve; boil it for half an hour with a quart of milk, adding two ounces of butter; keep stirring it while on the fire, and if it becomes too thick add more milk; put it into a dish before the fire or in an oven. A richer pudding may be made as follows:—Beat five or six eggs with some sugar and spice and a glass of brandy or whiskey. Let the pudding be put into a dish and when nearly cold, pour the above ingredients into it; mix them well and then set the dish into an oven, till it has got a fine brown color.

Potato flour can be converted into jelly in the same manner as arrowroot. It must be first moistened with cold water, then put into a bowl, and boiling water very gradually poured on it, stirring it all the time, and in a few minutes the jelly will be formed and ready for use. A little salt or sugar may be mixed with the moistened flour before the warm water is added, and a little milk will make it very palatable. The fibrous part of the potato is a most valuable article of food, whether dried for horses, cows or pigs.

Roasted and Baked Potatoes.—To ensure their being done, half boil potatoes, and finish them in a Dutch oven before the fire; in wood ashes.

Potatoes (French Method) Forced.—Boil, peel, and slice potatoes; then put them into a stewpan with some butter, pepper, salt, parsley, and chives, chopped finely; then pour in some bouillon, and a glass of white wine; when done, thicken and season the same and serve.

Stuffed.—Hollow out large potatoes, and fill them with mealy potatoes beaten to a paste in a mortar, with chopped parsley, chives, and shalot, butter, fat bacon cut into dice, pepper, and salt; butter the inside of the potatoes, and nearly fill them with the above paste, put them on a buttered tin, and bake them in a Dutch oven; when browned, serve.

Salad.—Boil, peel, and slice potatoes, and season them with oil, vinegar, salt, pepper, and fine herbs; mix either sliced gherkins, beetroot, or capers.

Fritters.—Boil and peel potatoes, grate or mash them, and add four well-beaten eggs, a little cream, chopped parsley, chives, salt and spice, and well mix the whole together. Drop a teaspoonful of this paste into a pan of boiling lard or butter, when it will swell into a light fritter. Or, take the mealy part of potatoes roasted under the ashes; beat it in a mortar with a little fine salt, a spoonful of brandy, some fresh butter and cream; mix the whole, adding gradually a well-beaten egg; shape the paste into small balls, which roll in flour, fry, and serve, sprinkled with powdered sugar.

Potato Cake.—Peel mealy baked potatoes, mashed, put them into a saucepan with salt and grated lemon-peel and fresh butter, well-stirring the whole; add orange-flower water, eight yolks of eggs, four whites (whisked), and mix the whole with the potato puree; pour into a buttered mould and bake.

A la Maitre d'Hotel.—Having lightly boiled bake potatoes, cut them into slices, and pour over them melted butter, with parsley cut fine; and in it; season with pepper and salt, adding lemon-juice, if liked.

Potatoes (German Method).—Fry in some butter small slices of bread and sliced potatoes, nearly boiled in water, lightly salted; serve them on a dish, and pour over them a little boutill of potato flour; sprinkle them with sugar, and brown them in a Dutch oven.

In Prussia potatoes are served in six different forms; bread is made from them; soup is thickened with them; there are fried potatoes, potato salad, potato dumplings, and potato cheese.

Potato Puddings.—1. Mix together twelve ounces of boiled mashed potatoes, one ounce of suet, one ounce (a sixteenth of a pint) of milk, and one ounce of cheese. The suet and cheese to be melted, or chopped as fine as possible. Add as much hot water as will convert the whole into a tolerably stiff mass; then bake it for a short time in an earthen dish, either in front of the fire or in an oven. 2. Twelve ounces of mashed potatoes, one ounce of milk, and one ounce of suet, with salt. Mix and bake as before. 3. Twelve ounces of mashed potatoes, one ounce of suet, one ounce of red herring chopped fine or bruised in a mortar. Mix and bake. 4. Twelve ounces of mashed potatoes, one ounce of suet, and one ounce of lung beef grated or chopped fine. Mix and bake.

Potato Bread may be made as follows: The potatoes being rasped or bruised by a rasp or mill, the pulp is dried and reduced to flour, which may be made into bread with the ordinary proportion of yeast. It is then mixed with a sufficient quantity of water to form into a paste, which is not long in fermenting when subjected to a proper temperature, baking in the ordinary manner. When the potato flour is mixed with wheaten flour in equal proportions, it makes excellent bread, being very light, and capable of being kept a long time. Bread made with wheaten flour alone is not to be compared with wheaten bread. The following is a plan for introducing potatoes into wheaten bread:—Boil five pounds of potatoes well, then dry them over a fire or in the oven until they fall to pieces and become flour, which they will do if properly managed. Then make of them a batter like thick gruel; strain this through a coarse sieve or colander; then mix this, instead of water, with twenty pounds of flour. If this yeast be good, the bread will be as light and agreeable as that made of all flour.

Potato Cheese is thus made in Saxony:—Boil potatoes of the large white kind, and when cool peel them, and reduce them to a pulp by a grater or mortar. To seven pounds of this pulp add a pint of sour milk, and salt. Knead the whole together, cover it up, and let it remain three or four days; then knead it, and place the cheese in small baskets to drain. Then dry them in the shade in layers in pots. They will be much improved by keeping.

Potato Beer is made in Silesia thus cheaply: Twenty-five gallons from half a bushel of potatoes; ten pounds of malt, half a pound of hops, and two quarts of yeast.

Potatoes in Bleaching:—Substitute for soap an equal quantity of potatoes which have been three parts boiled. The linen should be well soaked in cold water and then in hot water, whence each piece should be taken out and rubbed with the potatoes as with soap; then rolled and wrung; and then boiled again with the potatoes; and this process is repeated. It is then rinsed in soft water, pressed, and hung up to dry. The linen thus bleached will be perfectly white. Kitchen linen which has the smell of tallow becomes perfectly inodorous when bleached by this process.

Potato Yeast.—Boil and mash mealy potatoes, and beat them very smooth; add boiling water until they are thickness of good yeast, and put them through a sieve. To every pound of potatoes add two ounces of brown sugar, and when warm stir in two or three spoonfuls of good yeast to every pound; keep it warm until the fermentation is over. Bread must be made with this yeast a longer time before it is baked. When you want it replenished, add a few more potatoes and a spoonful of brown sugar.

An old coquette, and one very fond of her reminiscences and a censor of all present fashions and arts, looking into her glass beheld sundry wrinkles, freckles, etc. "Now here is my new glass," said her ladyship, "not worth a cent. They cannot even make looking-glasses as they used to do."

The ladies of Edgefield, S. C., attend the political meetings on horseback, uniformed in red spencers and caps.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS

K. (Hickman, Ky.)—We know nothing whatever of the person you allude to.

J. (Russell, Va.)—The name Isabella is of Spanish origin, and means fair Elisa.

MATAN. (Tuscola, Mich.)—If you have not patience then you will probably never be happy with your children.

S. (Washington, D. C.)—You do not say what kind of medal you are inquiring about; and we are therefore unable to answer your question. Write again.

VICTIM, (Nye, Nev.)—The only plan to be adopted by a person who has an irresistible love for drinking is to practice the system of total abstinence and sign the festotal pledge.

B. B. (Elkdale, Pa.)—If a gentleman with whom you are unacquainted has the rudeness to speak to you in the street, pass on your way without seeming to take the slightest notice of him.

TURKHORN, (Ellsworth, Mass.)—In the language of flowers the white rose symbolizes innocence; and the dried leaves of the white rose mean that death is preferable to the loss of innocence.

H. (Adams, O.)—If you are a born poet, as you claim to be, you need not trouble yourself about not having opportunities to show your quality; born poets are always heard of in ample time.

BONN, (Dodge, Minn.)—We should think that you have now no chance of recovering the money; and as the process would be more or less expensive we advise you to let the matter rest for a short time.

L. Z. (Ellaville, Fla.)—Smoking, when indulged in to excess, is exceedingly injurious to the constitution, and likely to prove dangerous to one whose lungs are in the slightest degree affected. Your health is suffering from such cause; gradually leave off the habit.

DOUBT, (Windham, Conn.)—You must read, think and judge calmly for yourself, throwing aside, as far as you can, all prejudice and preposessions; and time will settle the question for any man who is only anxious to arrive at the truth, wherever that may be or whatever its nature.

ELSIE, (Amherst, Va.)—It is of course very wrong for a young lady to encourage a gentleman whom she does not mean to marry under any circumstances. If the engagement has been once made and then broken off, unless it is renewed, the persons concerned have certainly no right to act like lovers.

T. W. M. (Cook, Ill.)—A lady should wear an engagement ring on the fourth finger of the left hand. It is not usual for gentleman to wear rings as tokens of engagement. When a lady is engaged she has most certainly the right to make the strictest inquiry as to the position and prospects of the accepted suitor.

R. (Phila., Pa.)—"Tri juncta in uno" (Three in one), is the motto of a famous band of British soldiers which comprises three of the finest regiments in the army—united in spirit, quality and reputation. It consists of the Grenadier, Coldstream, and Fusilier regiments. Their first organization occurred several centuries since.

ARMOR, (Phila., Pa.)—The blades of old Highland broadswords were of Italian material and temper. If you examine yours closely you will find the name of Andrew or Ferrara inscribed on them perhaps. The Toledo blade was considered a very fine one. The phrase "purple and fine linen" is Scriptural, and is generally taken as significant of worldly luxury and ease.

H. L. (McLean, Ill.)—A young man who would commit the unspeakable meanness of peering through the window of a young lady's parlor in the evening, for the purpose of ascertaining if he had a rival or not, should be dismissed by her at once. Your disinclination to sit up late with your beau should have been respected by him, especially after you told him that your parents did not wish you to do so.

CALISTHENICS, (Phila., Pa.)—A present of a ring, not too valuable, to a young lady under the circumstances you speak of, would be just the thing. If she should be receiving the addresses of a gentleman, however, the giving of such a present might lead to unpleasant complications. But if this is not the case, and you desire that she have a keepsake of yours in her absence, nothing would be better or more appropriate than a ring.

M. (Somerset, Me.)—Musk is properly an animal substance, but there is a great deal of manufactured musk in the market. Real musk is obtained from an animal of the deer kind, found in Thibet and Tonquan. In its natural state musk looks like dried blood. The manufactured article is made in various ways and is scented with the genuine. Musk was formerly a fashionable perfume, but has long since been considered vulgar.

I. N. (Edgefield, S. C.)—A coquette is one that is never to be persuaded out of the passion she has to please, nor out of a good opinion of her own beauty; time and years she regards as things that only wrinkle and decay other women; she forgets that age is written in the face, and that the same dress which became her when she was young now only makes her look the older. Affectation clings to her even in sickness and pain; and she dies in a cap with colored ribbons.

E. (Bradley, Ark.)—We find no evidence that nine orders of angels were symbolized in ancient Christian ornament. In some instances the "angels of the seven churches" mentioned in the book of the Revelation may have been introduced, and thus swelled the number; but each cathedral as a rule illustrates Old or New Testament history—sometimes both—and we suspect our correspondent has been misled by the multiplicity of symbolical forms employed.

F. (New York, N. Y.)—A young lady should not seek to draw out young men as to their sentiments towards her. There is a certain indescribable delicacy and tact possessed in every proper-minded and proper-souled young lady which will lead her aright in all such matters if she will only follow its instructive teachings; and the girl who does not possess this subtle monitor and guide is in danger of shipwreck. In all the matters to which you refer do not do anything you doubt the propriety of. That is a safe rule to follow, as it cannot lead you to harm.

ANXIOUS, (Saline, Mo.)—You evidently mean well, and require a stronger exercise of will and a little more perseverance to do well enough in the world. If your health will not allow you to continue working at the trade you are now engaged in, the best thing you can do is to discontinue it; but if you run no more risk than you would run by employing yourself in any other business, you had better keep to what you have spent some portion of your life in learning. There is always some obstacle to contend with or overcome in every position of life, and you will do well not to lose sight of that fact. Mental despondency is often the result of bodily weakness.

AGNES, (Butler, Pa.)—Love at first sight is in most cases idle caprice or foolish infatuation; in all cases it is dangerous and should be avoided. One interview, one passing glance, a stolen meeting, the breathing of words of passion, the whispers of tenderness—received and given—can never, to man or woman, be sufficient knowledge to warrant love. Love, if it be true, has for its end marriage; and who would engage their affections, devote their life, become united to one of whom they knew so little? Beauty is commonly the originating cause of such attachment—a handsome face, a graceful figure; but beauty, though it is often called a letter of credit, is too often one that betrays while it recommends.

A. (Erie, N. Y.)—In the month of May, 1843, nearly half the body of the National Church of Scotland seceded, and erected itself into the Free Church of Scotland. The division—or Free Church—objected to the nomination of ministers by patrons; its members claim the right of a veto for the parishioners. In 1580 a college was founded, and in 1583 there were 850 congregations. Presbyterians maintain that church government should be carried on by presbyteries, or associations of ministers, equal in power, office and order. Its principal tenets were embodied in the formulary of 1578, by John Knox, in 1560. This formulary was approved and ratified by Parliament in 1567, and finally settled by an act of the Scottish Senate in 1690, afterwards secured by the Treaty of Union with England in 1707. The first English Presbyterian meeting house was established at Wandsworth, in Surrey, in 1572. Episcopacy was abolished in Scotland in 1638, and Presbyterianism became the established religion.

PAUL, (Richland, Wis.)—It is always a mistake to let the feelings run away with the sense of prudence. Judgment ought to sway every action and posture of the mind. Although the mischief is done, it is too late to call to aid the faculty of self-control. Do not say cannot; there should be no such word in the vocabulary of a sane creature. An effort must be made, and if honestly put forth it will be successful in spite of difficulties. There is nothing so humiliating as the degradation of surrendering the government of the mind and heart, the surrender is practically made in the use of this cowardly word—cannot. After the submission involved in such an avowal is complete, it begins to be true. The individuality is laid aside, the feelings are enslaved, and self-respect is lost. Reason does not approve and a free self-respecting sentiment ought not to sanction the position described. It is idle to talk of flight; this running away from difficulty is an ignoble resource. Stay and fight out the battle. Self is the enemy; in this instance it would play traitor to common-sense. Reason, control self, and act wisely; then all will be well with you.

MYSTIFIED, (Phila., Pa.)—We really thought that anything like interest in Planchette had died out years ago, and therefore all curiosity as to the method of its working. Briefly, however, it is like a circular piece of wood with a hole in the centre through which a lead pencil passes. This lead pencil, when the apparatus is placed on paper, answers questions in rather bad handwriting. Two persons place their hands lightly upon it; the stronger will of the two influences the answer. If the experiment is fairly carried out and neither of the performers intentionally moves the pencil. All these marvels are achieved by involuntary muscular action. Each person holding the pencil thinks what he would like to write, or "the thought crosses his mind," and after a time he unconsciously obeys the volition. When two performers work together, each mistakes the gentle pressure of the other's hand for supernatural force, and of course yields. The result is often a sort of unconscious compromise between two thoughts. It is not so easy to get the effect desired when one person uses this toy alone, because, supposing the individual to be tolerably strong-minded, he will not readily be the subject of an impulse over which his will has no direct control, or, if he feels such a force at work, is not likely to mistake it for a spiritual influence and yield, but will know it to be a mischievous thought usurping the place of will—which in truth it is—and resist it accordingly. If any reader is anx